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The Cover

HERE'S a man who has met his match. Ever since his wife saw those "just right" curtains at bargain price he's been a marked man. Now it's all over bar the shouting: the only queue he'll stand in today is in the Saturday shopping scrum. And unless he makes a half-time dash for the turnstiles the game is up for artist Batchelor's cover husband. But his Number One fan is sure that he's going to be pleased with the result—a stunning home win for the drawing-room curtains

Free Speech

JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our feature, "We Advise."

Any Complaints?

IN these days of increasing bureaucracy it is refreshing to see that at least one country has taken effective steps to safeguard the individual.

Denmark recently appointed a Parliamentary Commissioner whose job it is to see that anybody with a complaint against a government department gets a fair deal. This official—a former university professor—cannot interfere with courts, but can reprimand ministers of state.

Remembering Crichel Down and seeing the growing number of civil service departments which have powers to push the individual about, who would deny that we would do well to follow Denmark's example?—JOHN SPARKE, Tinsley, Sheffield.

Risk Riders

Although boys of sixteen are allowed to ride motor-cycles, many insurance firms refuse to insure them, or else they charge increased premiums.

Surely the government would not allow sixteen-year-olds to drive at all if there were such a great risk involved?—G. J. NOBLE, New Bradwell, Wolverton, Bucks.

"There is no general rule about this," says an insurance official. "Most companies consider there is a greater risk with inexperienced motor-cyclists and charge accordingly.

"I don't think any company would refuse to insure sixteen-year-olds altogether. Comprehensive insurance might be refused to a completely inexperienced driver, because he would be expected to bear the risk of damage to his own machine."

Look And Say

I was teaching infants when the "look and say" method of teaching English was introduced ("Free Speech," January 10).

To our surprise the pupils took to the method like ducks to water. The only snag was remarked on by the headmaster: "This will produce a generation of bad spellers."

I believe this forecast has proved to be true.—H. L. ROBERTS, Aylesbury, Bucks.

The Ancient Franks

The G.P.O. is incorrect when it says it has always rejected the idea of public franking machines ("Free Speech," January 3).

A "Wilkinson" franking machine was installed experimentally at the G.P.O. London in 1912 and withdrawn the same year because of lack of patronage. The only value used was 1d. I have one of the few of its impressions still in existence.—H. E. HAMMOND, Elton Grove, Birmingham, 27.

Dotage Voters

Many young, intelligent people can't vote because they are too young, and many old, infirm and senile people do vote, although they haven't the faintest idea what it's all about. Youngsters should be given the vote at eighteen.—E. C. HALL, Ilford, Essex.

The Last Straw

In a pub recently I commented that publicans never provide straws for customers to drink with. The landlord emphatically stated that he never would, saying that drinking ale through a straw was the quickest way of getting drunk that he knew.

Is this true? Surely the strength

of alcohol remains the same however it is consumed.—J. H., Hindes Road, Harrow, Middlesex.

"This is an old tale probably spread by publicans themselves to prevent beer from being spoiled," says a brewer. "It would lose a lot of its distinctive taste if it were drunk through a straw.

"It doesn't make beer any stronger, however. What it might do is tempt people to keep sucking at the straw continuously, thus speeding up their consumption."

Where's Our Pride?

Why is it that people have become so free and easy when it comes to discussing money matters?

My father would go to great lengths to keep even close relatives from finding out anything about our family's finances.

Yet today my office colleagues take a delight in letting each other know not only their salaries but their bank balances as well.

We lend and borrow small sums indiscriminately, whereas it once would have been a matter of pride *not* to let anyone know you were hard up.

What's caused the change? I have no doubt it's a bad one.—T. YUILL, Montrose, Angus.

Bachelors Barred

As a bachelor who is fed up with lodgings I applied to the corporation for one of the small flats for single persons which Edinburgh includes in its building programme.

I was told that the corporation did not build flats for single *men*. Why the distinction? Is it fair that because I am a bachelor from choice I should not enjoy the same privileges as an unmarried woman?—A. McD., Edinburgh, 3.

"In most of our housing schemes there are two-room flats, but we reserve these for old age pensioners, mothers and daughters and spinsters," says an official of Edinburgh Corporation.

"We never have, and probably never will house single men. They can go on the housing list, however, if they have a fiancée and are going to be married."

No Supermen

The fact that Mr. Kruschev was overwhelmingly chosen as the Earth's Prime Minister in a recent poll has been taken by many people I know as a criticism of the West. Now I read that Mr. Mikoyan made a great impact on American businessmen with his vivid personality.

The fact that we have no outstanding leaders (if it is true) is to our favour. The sooner we all manage to govern ourselves without the dangerous aid of a superman, the sooner we'll reach a lasting peace.

Strong men lead to trouble. Eventually they've got to prove to themselves that their propaganda is true.—WILLIAM MACLEAN, Bon Accord Street, Aberdeen.

We're The Link

The comment by a reader in "Free Speech," January 3, that the gulf between the savage and the civilized man is not so great as the latter imagines, reminds me of what an American zoologist said:

"I believe I have found the missing link between animal and civilized man. It is us." THE REV. PETER G. KEWARD, Unst, Shetland.

White Means Danger

I wonder if it would not be a good thing if white weddings went out of fashion. So many young girls think as far as their wedding day and no farther.

The return to normal life afterwards must be depressing and may

be a factor in the high percentage of divorces among couples who married in their teens.

I'm convinced that fewer teenage girls would rush into marriage if it were not for the romance of the wedding day.—MRS. M. ALEXANDRA, Fawley, Hants.

Safe For Us

The Automobile Association's pompous reply to the suggestion of slightly raised elliptical waves on roads to reduce speeds ("Free Speech," January 10) begs the question. How could it cause more accidents?

Even if it did, so what? Far better for some blockhead to kill himself because of his stupid driving than to kill other, more law-abiding citizens.—GEORGE JAGGER (jr.), Queen's Road, Coventry.

Time The Healer

As a patient at the local eye hospital I was surprised to find that two other patients were men doing time at Walton Jail.

For their benefit warders were on duty right round the clock—approximate cost to the taxpayer, £30 a week.

Wouldn't it be better to parole these men for the duration of their treatment, letting them take the consequences of their own stupidity if they chose to escape?—A. E. BREAREY, Glenmore Avenue, Liverpool, 18.

Fine Verse

As a schoolteacher I would like to express my appreciation of the poems published in JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED.

Modern poetry is generally too

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Free Speech

continued from page 3

pretentious, obscure and abstract for children to appreciate. On the other hand, much of the poetry of yesterday is hopelessly dated.

I have just pasted poems from your magazine in a book for my classroom library and look forward to adding to it regularly.—JOHN G. EVANS, Brentbridge Road, Manchester, 14.

This week's poems, "Night Journey" and "New Forest Under Snow," are on pages 12 and 16.

That Man Monty

Critics of Lord Montgomery may say what they like, but one thing about him cannot be denied—he had the right attitude to the war.

Too many of our high-ups saw the war as no more than an extension of their peacetime activities. It was something they engaged in with half their minds, the other half being on promotion, personal prestige or their own pastimes.

Monty was single-minded. The war had to be won as soon as possible at the lowest cost in lives. If he trod on toes the result was worth it.—WILLIAM C. BROWN, Ruthven Street, Glasgow, W.2.

. . . your extracts from Lord Montgomery's memoirs lead me to think what an egotistical man, he is. I cannot believe that everyone—the Prime Minister, General Eisenhower, Service chiefs—was always wrong, and that he was the only one who won the war.

As an ex-Serviceman I do not understand how he was able to get away with obvious impertinence and insubordination towards his superiors.—M. J. GOLIGHTLY, Grosvenor Park, Grosvenor, Bath.

The final instalment of Field-Marshal Montgomery's memoirs begins on page 27.

Useless Space

The cost of sending a man to and from the moon would be £700 million, many millions more than we spend on education in a year. The cost is in inverse proportion to the benefit we are likely to receive.

I trust that schools will guide students into fields where their talents can be used to benefit mankind, such as conquering the loss to the country caused by fog and smog. Work of this kind would be more worthy of scientific brains than all the expeditions into space.—J. C. FERGUSON, Bellrock Street, Cranhill, Glasgow, E.3.

Postal Prohibitions

You quote the Post Office as saying, "We've absolutely no way of telling what's in a letter" ("Free Speech," January 3). Is this strictly true?

The Post Office Guide states that if certain prohibited articles are detected they will be detained and a prosecution may follow.

I am curious about how such detection can be made in view of the above statement.—W. L. J., Witton Gilbert, Durham.

"We don't open letters or parcels to find out if they hold prohibited

articles," says the G.P.O., "but many of these—e.g. perishable goods, coins above £5 in value, paints, sharp instruments not properly packed—are self-evident.

"Other prohibited articles may come to light when we have to open a wrongly addressed parcel or when wrappings come apart."

More Widows

Is it a statistical fact that the number of widows is increasing in Britain? In our small community we have twenty-three widows in a population of around 230.

This seems unusually high. If it is true of the country in general, then it seems odd that women get their old age pension at sixty, while men have to wait till sixty-five.

In the interests of our economy, it may soon be imperative to increase the pensionable age—and make it the same for both sexes.—R. W. HAY, Conway, Caernarvonshire.

"The figures we have for the five years before 1956, the latest available, indicate that the number of widows shows a marked increase each year," says the Ministry of Pensions and National Insurance.

Heat, Old and New

British Railways say that the reason for a reader ("Free Speech," January 3) not being able to switch off the heating in a compartment is that it was probably a prewar model.

Last year a number of brand-new electric trains were introduced on the Maidstone—Charing Cross line, all with the type of heating complained of. On occasions the heat is unbearable, but I have never found a way of turning it off.—F. E. HAYWARD, Arnold Avenue, Gravesend.

"Many new carriages are of the open saloon type, in which case the heating, for obvious reasons, must be controlled by the guard," says British Railways.

"But in all new carriages with individual compartments passengers can control the heating themselves."

The Right Way

It is too late on the day of an election to start grumbling if the candidates are not up to standard ("Free Speech," January 3).

Those who bask in the self-righteous and utterly fruitless act of abstention should do something positive to improve the quality of the goods which *their* democracy offers.

They should become active workers in the political party which comes nearest to their own beliefs—or start a new party of their own.

Refusing to vote is like a kid refusing to play hopscotch because the pavement isn't level.—T. A. ROBERTS, Green Head Lane, Utley, Keighley, Yorks.

Habeas Corpus?

A short time ago I decided to leave my body to a hospital. However, I now find that I cannot do this as my body is not mine to leave.

All I can do is express a wish to my executors, who will decide if it should be granted. If my body is not mine, to whom does it belong? —MRS. V. T., Worthing.

"There is no way of making absolutely sure that your body will go to a hospital, Mrs. T.," says a lawyer.

"The reason is that there is no property in a body and your executors could not be sued for its possession if they ignored your wishes. The best thing you can do is appoint executors in whom you have complete trust."

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Teachers mistrust it, parents dread it, pupils hate

bold, sweeping changes, many go-ahead schools are

HOW TO SOLVE YOUR

FOR the last two years, John Turner, director of education for West Bromwich, has given parents in the Churchfields district the chance of showing just what they think about the eleven-plus examination.

If their children take it, they will be allotted a place in a grammar, technical or secondary modern school in the usual way. If they do not take it, they will go straight to a comprehensive school which provides all three types of course.

But they cannot have it both ways. If they take the examination and are chosen for the secondary modern school, they cannot then decide that they would rather go to the comprehensive school.

The parents have shown clearly which of the two systems they prefer. Last year, only thirty-eight children out of 380 took the eleven-plus. Twenty of these went to grammar schools, ten to technical schools and eight to secondary modern schools. The other 342 went to the comprehensive school.

Given the choice, most parents would make the same decision as the parents of Churchfields. Already, even though it means sacrificing the chance of an academic education, more than 300,000 children a year decline to compete in the eleven-plus. This is nearly half the total number eligible.

Many educationists share the parents' doubts about the reliability of the examination. According to Alfred Yates and D. A. Pidgeon, of the National Foundation for Educational Research, more than 30,000 children—one in ten of those taking the eleven-plus—are, each year, sent to schools where their places could be better filled by other pupils.

Another expert recently stated: "Out of every twenty children who are picked for the grammar school, about six turn out unsuitable—and keep out another six who should have been admitted."

All over the country more and more local authorities are beginning to wonder whether selection by an eleven-plus examination really is the best way of organizing secondary education. It is not the only way. Already, at least three alternatives are being tried out.

The first—pioneered by Hertfordshire, Newcastle and Middlesex—still involves *selection*. But instead of being subjected to a rigid examination held on one or two days, children are usually chosen on the basis of headmasters' reports, school record cards and tests in arithmetic and English. "Mis-sorts" may transfer to a different type of school at any stage of their career.

Also, seven hundred out of a total of 3,700 secondary modern schools now run G.C.E. courses and last year 38,000 secondary modern children stayed on after the age of fifteen to take advantage of them. In some schools, the proportion was as high as seventy to eighty per cent. In many areas children who do particularly well may transfer to the sixth form of the local grammar school to do advanced work.

The government plans to encourage this trend. In the next five years it hopes that another two thousand secondary modern schools will offer G.C.E. courses and that there will be a sixteen-plus chance of transfer to grammar schools. It believes that this will encourage the great majority of secondary modern children to stay at school voluntarily for an extra year.

Unfortunately, there is no guarantee that it will cure what many educationists think is the worst fault of all. The original idea was that grammar schools and secondary modern schools should be held in equal regard. But parents have never accepted this. Selection for a grammar school means "passing"; selection for a secondary modern school means "failing."

Apart from the anxiety about the examination felt by parents and children, teachers in secondary modern schools often have to spend the first year overcoming a sense of failure in their pupils.

The second alternative to the eleven-plus system prevents this feeling of failure. It does so by abolishing selection. All children go straight to a comprehensive school where they can take the type of course best suited to them at a pace they can keep up with. Today, there are about fifty comprehensive schools, most of them in London.

In some areas children still take the eleven-plus and parents can put down comprehensive as their first choice instead of grammar or secondary modern. But in Anglesey and Ystradgynlais, Breconshire, the eleven-plus has been abolished completely and all children go automatically to a comprehensive school.

But there are two snags with comprehensive schools. To offer a full range of courses in the sixth form, they need at least two thousand pupils. Many teachers think that this is too big. The head tends to become a remote administrator. The children may lose their sense of belonging.

Do you promise...?

The second snag is purely practical. Nine out of ten of existing school buildings were designed for less than six hundred pupils. If we are to have comprehensive schools, we must have new ones—at a cost of around £800,000 each. Even with the extra money the government has recently promised for education, no local authority could think of building on this scale.

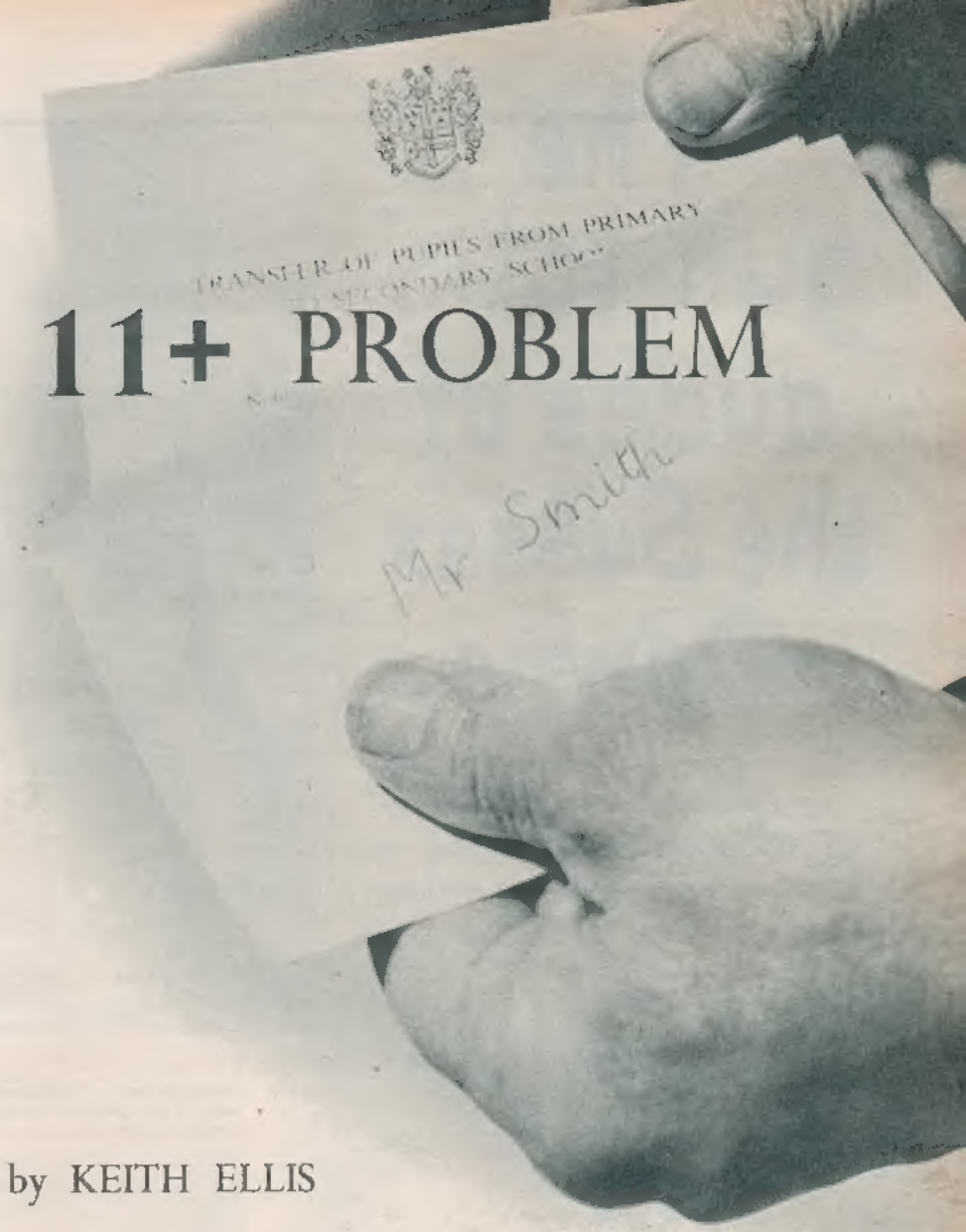
The third alternative to the eleven-plus system—now being tried out in Leicestershire—avoids both difficulties. In the old town of Hinckley and in Oadby and South Wigston, the secondary modern schools have been renamed high schools. At the age of eleven—ten if they are very bright—all children go automatically to the nearest high school.

After three years, their parents are asked whether they wish them to go on to grammar school. If they say yes and promise to keep them there until they are at least sixteen, the children

Each year about 120,000 start at a grammar school via the eleven-plus. Now some towns plan to give a place to any child who wants one

it. Now with showing...

CHILD'S 11+ PROBLEM



by KEITH ELLIS

go—irrespective of their ability. The rest stay on at high school for another year. When the scheme is in full operation, there will be no children under fourteen at the grammar school.

The experiment has now been running sixteen months. Edwin Coggins, headmaster of Gartree, one of the Oadby high schools, says: "When it was first introduced, it gave a tremendous lift to my secondary modern pupils."

On the basis of a previous examination and tests of his own devising he divided last year's entrants into seven forms. The top three, corresponding to the former grammar school pupils and those who took G.C.E. in the secondary modern, do a full academic course, including Latin for the highest form. The fourth stream takes French but otherwise follows a secondary modern course similar to that of the two below it. The bottom form is for backward children.

Though there are specialist teachers for both the academic and the backward, the staff switch frequently between the different streams. "They find it stimulating," says Coggins. Pupils also can be switched if they develop late.

Half ask to stay

Last year almost half his fourteen-year-olds elected to go on to grammar school. This was the proportion that had been expected and they could be accommodated because no eleven-year-olds were now at the grammar school.

Some children have good reasons for wanting to stay in high school. "One boy wanted to be a chef. He was capable of taking a G.C.E. but he had to start his training at fifteen. Another boy, a farmer's son, wanted to go to a farming institute. He needed a year on the land but not a G.C.E." Only one girl, Coggins believes, who could have benefited from a grammar school education failed to take it.

The children remaining behind in high school follow courses similar to those of secondary modern schools. Some of them prepare for outside examinations such as the City and Guilds, others for their jobs. "We have special groups for special needs."

After a visit to a local factory, six girls decided that they wanted to be comptometer operators. "They found they needed to know something about the decimalization of money and asked the maths master for a revision. They worked like tigers."

At Guthlaxton Grammar School, to which Gartree sends its pupils, headmaster Martin Olivier expects to have four streams taking a broad academic G.C.E. "But the other streams will aim at G.C.E.," he says. "A boy who has no chance of getting maths or English may well get four subjects: art, technical drawing, woodwork and metalwork. It will develop his brain and impress employers."

Many people have said that the scheme will lower academic standards. Olivier, a former headmaster of a well-known public school, does not think that it will and hopes ultimately to win one or two Oxford or Cambridge scholarships every year.

But there are problems. One difficulty could be heads of departments not having control of the bright child's work from the age of eleven.

Worse still, he has already found that children coming into a class from four different schools have not covered exactly the same ground; they also use different methods in their work. To cure this, there will be conferences between his own teachers and those in the high schools.

A more difficult problem is that of the more gifted children. If they came straight to the grammar school at eleven, they would form a single class which could then work at high speed. Divided among four high schools, they will be working with classmates less bright than themselves.

"Going at a slow pace, they may come to find the work boring," says Olivier. "By the time they're eighteen, they may have ceased to be scholars."

If this happens in practice, he thinks that the solution will be to send the top one or two streams straight to grammar school at the age of eleven.

He is much happier about the secondary modern children whose place in a grammar school many people have questioned. Their vividly painted murals brighten the art room. Their technical drawings are hung along the corridors. Currently, they are on a level with the academic children in both the football team and the dramatic society.

While they are enjoying the advantages which only a grammar—or public—school can give, their very presence encourages a healthy social attitude in the brighter pupils.

So far, Leicestershire is pleased with its experiment. Apart from the advantages in the high and grammar schools, the primary schools now have complete freedom to plan their courses on educational grounds. "It's no longer a question of merely cramming children for the eleven-plus," says an official.

Five-year trial

Stewart Mason, Leicestershire's director of education, emphasizes that the scheme is an experiment. "There is nothing final about it," he says. "Perhaps its chief virtue is that it can be so easily modified if experience shows this to be desirable." It will run for at least five years before being condemned, but if it seems to be working well, it may be extended in two years.

Although they have not yet decided to put them into practice, several other authorities have plans for similar schemes. Tottenham's was almost identical. Port Talbot, Glamorganshire, preferred the children to transfer at thirteen to give them longer to settle before taking G.C.E.

Ecclesfield, in the West Riding, wanted all children to enter a Leicestershire-type high school at eleven and hoped that *all* would transfer to Ecclesfield Grammar School at fourteen. Ultimately, the grammar school—like Leicestershire's—would have no pupils under the age of fourteen.

This scheme has several advantages. It ensures that no children will be deprived of a grammar school education just because their parents are unwilling to keep them at school an extra year.

In any case, the undertaking required by Leicestershire to keep children at school until the age of sixteen cannot be legally enforced. Yet when it is demanded at the age of fourteen it may deter poorer parents who are afraid to commit themselves too far ahead.

Robin Pedley, senior lecturer in

continued on page 32

The gun-totin' dudes of the Sussex Downs

Want a cowboy holiday? Then head for this English ranch where an ex-cowpuncher provides everything for what used to be a kid's game

City slickers get togged up for the range. Buck Starr (second from right) hit on the idea for bring the Wild West to Britain when he lived in Texas during the war. He and his wife Luta (right) welcome guests who want to bury their worries on the prairies near Lewes

Below: in the new Wild West a purty gal is as welcome as any four-flushing man. For a weekend typists can become wild, wild wimmin—but the hardship has gone out of the bunkhouse. It's Dodge City with all mod. cons.

Above: at the Golden Horse men who've never fired a shot in anger wield sixshooters like Billy the Kid. They pay twelve guineas a week to learn to sit tall in the saddle. A small boy's game is now big business

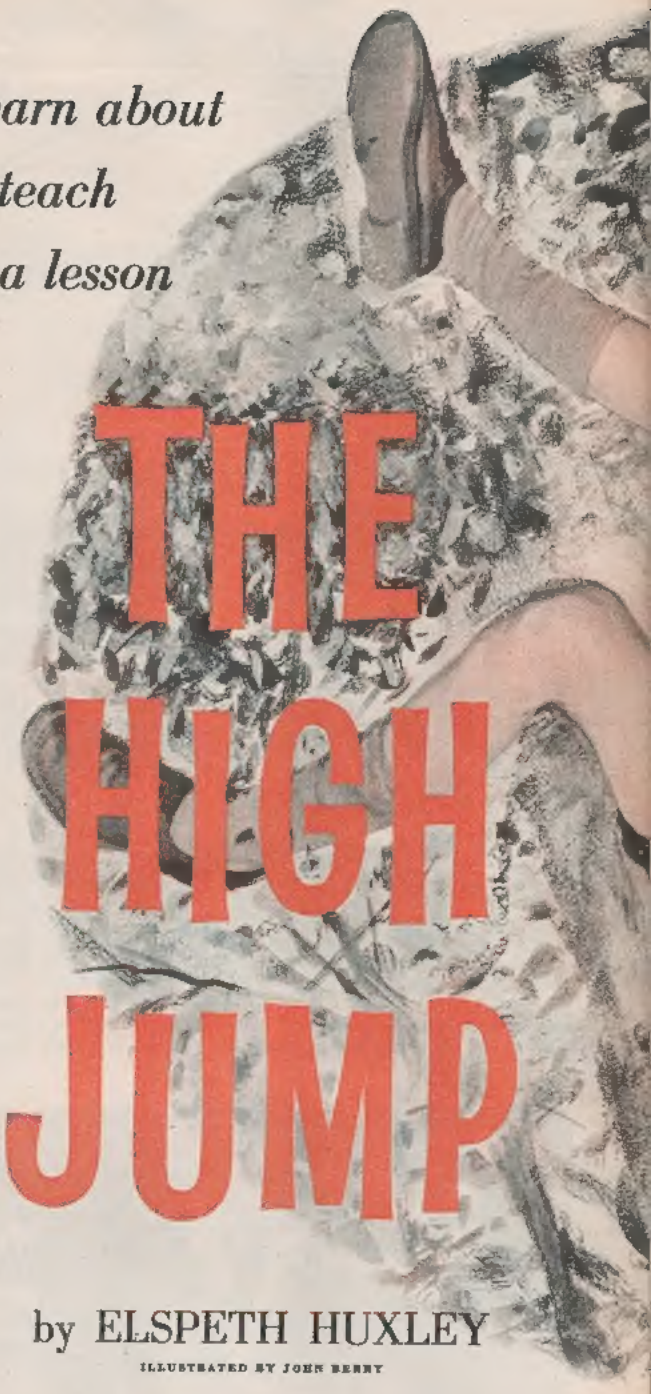
A bunch of the Golden Horse boys hit the nearest township, all set on whooping it up at the Horse and Plough saloon. They create quite a stir among the original settlers. But where's the hitching rail?

Buck Starr spares no authentic detail of the pioneering West to make his guests feel they're back in the glorious days of boots and saddles. Now the city slickers go home, range veterans who've seen it all

As shadows fall across the range, greenhorns ease their saddle sores in a sing-song round the old camp fire. That Sussex trail is sure hard on tenderfeet

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Though Ludo had a lot to learn about tree-climbing, he could still teach a couple of feuding farmers a lesson



THE HIGH JUMP

by ELSPETH HUXLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERRY

If you have ever climbed a tree, a cliff or a steeple you will know that it is child's play going up; the coming down's the trouble. That is when you'll need all your skill, nerve and resolution.

Ludovic Collins was young and had a lot to learn, this simple fact included. But he was learning now. Not that the tall elm tree had been all that easy to climb, with its twisted, half-rotten boughs.

It would have been nothing to Patrick Keevil, he didn't doubt; Pat would have soared up to the topmost branches and been down before the tractor Ludovic could see there below, drawing a harrow, had been once up and down the field.

Patrick Keevil. Small, tough, dark and devilish. Ludovic could not think about Pat without a quickening of the pulse, a tightening of the throat, that meant goodness knows what—hatred, fear, admiration, envy? Ludovic hadn't words for these things. Pat was his torment, like a wasp that keeps on and on at you with its vicious buzz and, when you lash out, zooms out of reach.

Meanwhile, here he was high up in the elm tree with three crow's eggs safely in his pocket. It seemed too good to be true, that he'd really clambered up this steep wall of foliage, up a crazy scaffolding of gnarled boughs and criss-crossed twigs, almost to the summit. If he looked down he felt horribly dizzy. Far, far below, abandoned, lost, was the safety of green May fields, the distant tractor like a grey beetle and, just below, a glimpse of water, smooth as a mirror.

As he watched, something white moved across the water—one of the swans that were nesting under the roots of a ragged old thorn. This was Mr. Keevil's pond, where in the winter he came with friends to shoot the wild duck that circled round in the dusk, black specks against a smoky, pink sky.

The pond was Mr. Keevil's and so was this elm tree. Normally Ludovic would not have ventured near either. Between his father and Mr. Keevil lay, if not exactly a feud, something very like it. They were neighbours and foes. But Mr. Keevil was so troubled by the crows—they were preying on his chickens—that he had offered a shilling an egg to any boy who'd rob the nests.

Ludovic had returned from school one day full of this. His mother listened with only half an ear; she was boiling shirts, keeping an eye on Veronica and scrubbing eggs all at the same time.

"I counted nine crows' nests in the elm trees on our boundary down by Scantlings," Ludovic said. Scantlings was the pond. "Say they had four eggs each, that's thirty-six shillings."

"Elm trees, you said? They aren't safe, you'd better not go near them."

"But Mr. Keevil's going to pay a shilling an egg."

"I wish he'd pay a shilling for these." Mrs. Collins looked at the neat rows of scrubbed eggs on their racks, and a bucket of dirty ones still to be handled.

"Crows' eggs," Ludovic said patiently. Sometimes he found his mother very slow.

"You're not to take anything from Mr. Keevil," she said sharply. "You're not to touch his money. You know what Dad would say."

"But. . . ." Ludovic wanted to protest that since Mr. Keevil had so much money and his own family so little, it would surely be right for him, Ludovic, to help even things up. As that was too difficult he tried a new tack. "If I got thirty-six shillings Dad could have them for the new cowshed. And then I could go on getting crows' eggs, and we might build the deep-litter house as well."

Mrs. Collins smiled. "I'm glad you thought of that, Ludo, but . . . anyway, you'd better keep away from those elm trees. We don't want Mr. Keevil's money and we don't want you falling out and breaking your neck. Now, will you help me pack these eggs in the boxes? Carefully, mind."

Was that an order, about the crows' nests? A wish, certainly, but to ignore a wish was different from disobeying an order. To be on the safe side, Ludovic said nothing to his father, who came limping in to get hot water for the milking.

Robert Collins was lean and stringy as an old work-horse, his wife complained—though he wasn't old really, in his early forties, but he looked more from work and worry, and pain sometimes in the war-wound in his leg he'd never properly got over.

Everyone had said he'd been a fool, off his rocker, to take up farming when he left the army, especially with so little capital: you needed experience, complete fitness and plenty of cash. But with his heart so set on it, his wife hadn't argued.

All they could afford was a thirty-acre smallholding, nothing like enough, people said, to make a decent living. It had been a struggle, still was. Ludovic knew this, felt it, heard it, all the time.

And somehow everything was worse because of Mr. Keevil, who had six hundred acres next door and never seemed to have the same disasters that visited the Collins.

Then there was the Keevil boy, Patrick Keevil was a year older than Ludovic in age and centuries older in knowledge of country things. At ten years old Pat could plough as well as most of Mr. Keevil's men, or scoop up mown grass with the buckrake, or do most jobs that came along. Reading didn't interest him, or bookwork, or anything you couldn't see the use of on a farm.

That wasn't so with Ludo, who was always far ahead in class. And a lot of good it did him, Ludo thought disgustedly, up at the treacherous top of this towering great elm tree, where he could feel the wind sway the branches as if he were an apple clinging to a stalk and waiting only for a good gust to go rolling down.

Once the crows' eggs were in his pocket he'd simply had to look down. And that had finished him. Down, down, down—that green, deadly tunnel stretching forever; his head swam, his stomach shrank to a little knot inside him, his limbs turned to jelly. He tried to lower himself gingerly on to the next bough with his eyes shut, but his feet churned the air and he had to pull them up again while he clung to the trunk and sweated with fear. He would certainly die, Ludovic thought, marooned in this enormous tree, he would die very slowly of starvation. But he would rather that than cry for help and have everyone know he was a funk.

Mr. Keevil would come with his ladders, and he could see Patrick's mocking face crinkled with contemptuous laughter, his pointing finger—little Ludo who got up a tree and couldn't get down.

Ludovic had only one thing against his parents, but that was a big thing—his name. It was a ridiculous, an absurd name. And, of course, he was always called Ludo, like that stupid kid's game. His real friends called him Vic, which was all right, but Ludo—sometimes the sound of it felt as if a gnat had stung him, or a bit of gravel got into his shoe. And now it seemed the last straw, when he thought about it up there in the tree where he was stuck for life. Poor little Ludo, who got up a tree and couldn't get down.

An hour later he had managed to force himself to clamber down about a third of the way, or perhaps a bit more; and then came disaster.

He had lowered himself very gently on to a bough with a broken tip that stuck out from the bole like a tusk—a dead branch, he could see that, but he reckoned it might stand his weight if he eased himself on to it like a bird settling on a pond. And so very, very gradually his hands hooked like a monkey's on to the bough above, he

allowed his weight to flow through his feet on to the branch

It was all right, he thought; it would take him, and he moved one foot. And then came a sharp, pricking, snapping sound and a great crack appeared where branch and trunk joined

Ludo snatched his feet away, heaved with his arms and managed somehow to hoist himself back on to the bough above, panting with fear

And now he was trapped

It was long past teatime and the grey tractor had left the field. There was an ache in Ludo's inside, and he thought of the farm kitchen as a castaway on a desert island might think of the lighted streets of home. His mother would be pouring tea and cutting bread and butter for Veronica, his father would be munching a sandwich in his shirt-sleeves; there'd be a pitcher of milk warm from the dairy, and perhaps home-made scones

Would they be missing him? Would they be wondering where to look?

They would. His mother had gone out calling round the buildings and had rung a hand bell she kept to summon the family to meals

"Playing with the kids in the village, I suppose," Robert Collins remarked when he came in

'As long as it isn't that Patrick," she replied.

"He's a devil, all right." Robert Collins munched slowly. "All the same, I'd sooner have him than the father. All Arthur Keevil ever thinks about is making money. *His* beasts broke through my fence up at Big Owl's Nest, but *I'm* the one who's got to make the fence good. Any decent neighbour would at least offer to go shares. But not Keevil. Oh, no. He can't spare his men's time, it might cost him thirty shillings. He'll have his pound of flesh down to the last half dram."

"I suppose that's why he has got on '

"You can get on without screwing the last farthing from a blind beggar. And everything goes right for Keevil. All his ewes have triplets, his best cows have heifer calves, he gets top prices for his potatoes. . . ."

"I wonder where Ludo *has* got to?" Mary Collins remarked "He's generally in by now."

"Oh, I expect he's about. These are first-rate lettuces. Best we've ever had."

"Yes, the first batch from the garden, I hope—what's that peculiar noise?"

They both listened, but Veronica chose the moment to swallow her milk the wrong way. By the time that was dealt with they had forgotten the noise and Robert had another cup in front of him. But before he'd finished he said: "You're right, there is a noise. I think it's in the garden. I'll see."

When he did see he let out a bellow that almost made Mary drop her tea-cup. Veronica began to cry. "Quick, Mary, quick, come and. . . ."

She couldn't catch the rest. Robert was on the run as fast as his limp would let him towards the scene of the disaster, for disaster it must be. She thought of Ludo, dumped the screaming Veronica in the playpen and dashed through the door.

Robert had a stick and was laying about him in the garden, which seemed to be heaving and erupting with white objects. The place was in a turmoil. His shouts and curses rose above the thumps and squeals. Pigs! Dozens and dozens of frantic, darting, destroying pigs all over the garden like a plague: broccoli uprooted, rows of peas flattened, the onion-bed an utter shambles. . . With a cry of anguish Mary seized a broom and flew into action too.

Five minutes later it was all over. A stream of squealing pigs had retreated through a gap they'd broken in the garden hedge, across the Collins' paddock and over a tumbledown stone wall—Mr. Keevil's wall, that was supposed to confine his pigs.

Robert and Mary walked back without saying a word, but Robert's mouth was closed like a vice and tears were running down Mary's cheeks.

'My lettuces," she moaned. He said grimly: 'My potatoes." He added fiercely: 'Keevil's had it this time. He's going to pay for this. I'm going to see him now, this minute."

"Don't do anything rash," Mary implored. Robert was not often like this. "Ludo isn't back," she added. "It's not like him to be so late. You don't think he. . . "

She sat down at the table, too bewildered and shattered to say any more: the garden a ruin, Ludo vanished, Robert looking as if he'd commit murder, Veronica screaming her head off. . . Very slowly, as if hypnotized, she started to clear away the tea.

In grim silence Robert climbed into his battered little grey van, backed out of the yard and sped towards Arthur Keevil's home. His lips were dry and his hands trembled on the wheel. It was the injustice of it all that destroyed him, and Keevil's total disregard for anyone but himself. A couple of men—and Keevil had plenty of men—could have repaired the wall in a morning. And it was Keevil's wall, Keevil's duty to keep it in a pigproof condition.

Keevil's place was more like a small village, a factory even, than farmstead. The house was surrounded by big barns, by sheds and concrete yards, deep litter houses and Danish piggeries, a repair shop for machinery, a hammer-mill, a drying plant.

In the midst of all this activity Arthur Keevil himself was always hard to find. If he wasn't in the office he was out in the car somewhere—Robert thought scornfully that all the farming he ever did was on four wheels or the telephone.

Seen the boss?" he asked a man who was mounting a tractor.

Down by the dryer last time I seed him." The man leaped on to his gleaming new tractor and roared away. At the dryer somebody told him Keevil was in the office; in the office, that he'd gone across to the repair shop. The repair shop was empty, so Robert simply had to kick his heels until the boss chose to appear.

At last Keevil did materialize from somewhere, a big, burly, thickset man

The high jump

continued from previous page

with a slow, deliberate manner out of keeping with all the activity that surged round him, and a hard-bitten face. He was a fair man to deal with, people said, but you had to get up very, very early in the morning to best him in a bargain. In fact, so far as the village knew, no one ever had. He would haggle to the last penny, but give generously to church funds, the football club and on poppy day.

"I've come about your bloody pigs," Robert said.

"What pigs?" Keevil stiffened to match the aggression of his visitor. His eyes narrowed, his chin went up.

"Your pigs that broke into my garden because you won't keep your own damned walls and fences in repair. I've put up with it long enough, Mr Keevil. This time you're going to pay."

"Now look here, Collins, no one's going to speak to me like that and get away with it. You get off my place here and now. If you've any complaints you can put them in writing."

It was touch and go. Both men, without knowing it, had their fists clenched. Robert, his game leg forgotten, took a step back as if to take a swing at his enemy; he was breathing quickly, a hot rage was in his eye.

So absorbed were they that they did not even hear a car drive up. Then a woman's voice—Mrs. Keevil's—did penetrate their minds.

"Arthur, we must find Patrick at once. Young Ludo's disappeared, and Mrs. Collins thinks he may have had a fall from a tree."

"Eh, what's that?" Arthur Keevil turned his head. Robert's fists slowly relaxed. He turned his head, too, and a puzzled look spread over his features. He saw his wife get out of Keevil's car, white and scared-looking.

"Ludo said something about crows' eggs, elm trees—I remembered after you'd gone. It was Mr Keevil who—he offered a shilling an egg. I'm afraid that Ludo. . . ."

"What's Patrick got to do with all this?" Keevil demanded.

Mrs Keevil said: "We think Mrs. Collins and I—that he'd know which trees Ludo may have climbed."

"Very well," Keevil said briskly. "You give Mrs. Collins a cup of tea while I fetch him. Don't you worry, Mrs Collins. Once boys get climbing trees they don't think of the time."

He strode off without a glance at Robert, who looked as if he'd just had a hard bash on the head.

"I started to fetch you as soon as it came back to me what Ludo'd said," Mary Collins explained. "And Mrs. Keevil came by and gave me a lift. Oh Robert, do you think. . . ."

"Now don't you worry, Mrs. Collins. It's as my husband says, he'll be all right. I've given up worrying about Patrick, it doesn't do a bit of good. He's like a monkey, up and down those trees, he's made a little fortune out of crows' eggs, too—saving up he says, to buy himself a tractor! But then Patrick's made of india-rubber. . . ."

Mrs. Keevil rattled on, partly out of kindness Robert supposed, to fill the gap till Keevil came back with his son.

Patrick carried an air gun and wore a grin on his dark monkey-like face. "I know where there's fifteen crows' nests over to their side of the farm," he said. "They'd be the likely ones for Ludo to go to."

"Collins, you'd better take your van and go north along the boundary fence, and I'll go along the south side with Patrick," Keevil said. It was like him to have taken over and be giving the orders calmly and without question.

"All right," Robert said gruffly. "And thanks for helping."

Had Ludovic still been fretting in the tall elm he would have seen the two vehicles reach the boundary gate between the two farms and turn in opposite directions, bumping slowly along under the hedge where the elms grew. He would have seen the Keevils' saloon coming slowly towards Scantlings, with Patrick peering keen-eyed into the branches of every tree.

But Ludo hadn't waited for a rescue party. His limbs were tiring; he had cramp in one foot, he knew he couldn't hold out much longer. If he didn't do something he would simply tumble out like a fledgling from a nest and lie there broken at the foot of the tree.

There was only one thing for it—to pray, to drop, to trust in God. Beneath the broken bough stretched a canopy of leaves, twigs and twisting branches; surely these would hold him, if he stretched out his arms?

And then, when he looked down, he saw the ground as if at the far, far end of a great tunnel, and his head swam.

Ludo thought of parachutists in an aeroplane, and tried to imagine he was one. Far worse to leap out of a hole into an empty void of sky. That was what his father had done. That was how the limp had come, and the pain.

Ludo shut his eyes and felt sick. That had been the wrong thing to think about. And yet, in a way, perhaps not. His father hadn't sat there for hours, too scared to jump through the hole into the sky.

He shut his eyes and took a deep breath. And then the church clock began to strike. In the clear air the notes came to him as pure as spring water, sweet and mellow. He knew this for a signal, on the last note, he would drop.

The chimes rang in his ears; he lost count. Then there was only a long quivering in the air and a deep silence. He opened his hands, kicked against the branch and subsided into space.

Something lashed at his legs, ripped his clothing, stung his flesh like angry bees. Then he felt nothing but a dreadful void in his stomach as if his entrails were being sucked out, all save a hard knot of terror at the core.

In his ears there was a crashing, a shaking as of thunder, the whole tree shook and he was going down, down beyond sensation, beyond thought.

Then a violent blow, as if he'd been kicked in the middle by a vicious cow: a kick, a smack, a sensation of choking, a wild panic, a gasping for breath. Vaguely, he was aware of a furious and penetrating trumpeting as the outraged swans took off with mighty wing-beats from their quiet, private pond that had suddenly been invaded from the skies.

Beneath Scantlings' three feet of water lay at least a foot of slimy, black, stinking mud. Ludo went through the water and into the mud. When he'd retched and spluttered out most of the water, he found he was standing nearly shoulder-deep in a sort of glue, smarting all over as if he'd been singed, with slime in his eyes and nose and ears.

Instinctively, he made for the safety of green field and solid earth, where he wiped some of the slime away with handfuls of grass and methodically emptied the water out of his shoes.

He got up gingerly, feeling very sore. Nothing seemed to be broken, everything worked. But his clothes were awkwardly by the car. "Well, thanks very much," he grunted.

A twinkle came into Arthur Keevil's eye. "No charge for the mud," he remarked. "Though it's my property."

Reluctantly, Robert managed a half-grin, and then he found it changing into a genuine whole one. It was good to see Ludo there, filthy but unhurt, and Mary trying to wipe some of the mud off his torn clothes.

"About those pigs," Arthur Keevil added. "That wall should have been put to rights. We've been busy, but that's no excuse. I'll send a couple of men round in the morning. As for the rest, I don't think we'll have much trouble agreeing on a figure that will cover the damage."

"That's very reasonable," Robert said. "I'm afraid I was a bit hasty just now. But if you'd seen those pigs. . . ."

"I once had a dozen steers in my roses, so I know how you felt. By the way, I hear you're having a bit of trouble with your tractor."

Robert nodded. Everybody knows his neighbour's business. The tractor was an old one, badly in need of repair.

"I've got a first-rate mechanic now," Arthur Keevil added. "If you'll run your tractor down tomorrow, I'll get him to strip it down and patch it up for you. We can put that on the credit side against the cabbages my pigs ate, and meantime I'll lend you a tractor to go on with."

"Thank you, but I don't want. . . ." Robert began.

"Oh, forget it. A bit of give and take never did any harm between neighbours. And now you'd better take your young man home before he catches his death."

Ludovic looked up at Mr. Keevil, took a deep breath and spoke out. After all, nothing much could hurt him now he knew he could fall out of trees and survive.

"I got three eggs," he said.

"You what?"

"That's what you said—a shilling an egg."

Mr. Keevil roared with laughter and Ludo put his hand into his pocket. Then he realized the horrible truth. There was nothing in his pocket but mud, mess and slime, and perhaps a few bits of eggshell if he could find them in the sticky depths. So it had all been for nothing. His face went stiff and he turned away.

"I'll take your word for it," Mr. Keevil said, still chuckling. "This is going to cost me a lot of money. Here you are, three bob. I'd take the smaller trees next time, if I were you, the old ones are always rotten. Even Patrick wouldn't have taken on that one, eh, Patrick?"

Patrick nodded. "Not worth three bob," he said.

The money changed hands.

The Keevils, father and son, climbed into the car; the Collins family into the van. Patrick leaned out and waved.

"So long—Vic," he shouted.

Ludovic waved a clenched fist that grasped three shillings. It was a big sum, but he felt that it had been well earned.

THE END

© *Elspeth Huxley, 1959*

JOURNEY

There is a magic about trains at night
Passing, far-off, with windows glowing, bright
As small, unwinking, hungry yellow eyes
Eating the darkness of the distant skies.
The wild, weird shrieking and the tunnelled roar
Call to the traveller who may start no more
On unplanned journeys, with no limits set—
Waking the echoes of a small regret.
Yet in spaced cottages and narrow streets
Of nudging houses, under fretful sheets,
Resentful dreamers hear the hurrying train
And curse and turn their thoughts to sleep again
Not caring who leans on the dusty plush
And dozes through the dewed and shadowed hush
Of fragrant fields, past empty milking sheds
Nor what strange errands keep them from their beds
To watch the dawn begin to crack the sky
And half-see place names as they rattle by
Deserted platforms, tea-less waiting rooms
And shirt-sleeved men with brisk, unlikely brooms.
But I would take discomfort, smoke and grime
If I might borrow freedom for a time
And ride again beyond the edge of sight
Into adventure, journeying by night

HELEN MORGAN

NEXT WEEK

HOME-MADE HEIRESS

A tale with a twinkle in its eye...

by BRETON AMIS

TV's sexy songstress likes to attract attention. She'll take a bath in public or flirt with the Speaker of the House

Marion Ryan cuddles up to fame

by ALAN LLOYD

With her hair hanging loose, her small plump figure clad in black lace, her hips slowly wiggling Marion Ryan, a five-foot singer who has been called 'Britain's miniature Mae West' (and, more intimately, by her family, "Apple Dumpling"), descended a long stairway towards the cameras that relay a weekly TV show, *Spot The Tune*.

Soundlessly, because someone had forgotten to connect the microphone, Apple Dumpling was singing "I Can't Give You Anything But Love."

The studio audience nearly went wild," a technician recalls. Although the words were unintelligible, the message was strong and clear.

As Britain's latest dispenser of mass affection on the small screen, Marion Ryan earns up to £500 a week busily serenading a million hearts with songs that have included, among many others, "Miracle Of Love," "Mr Wonderful," "Love Me Forever," "That's Happiness," "Always And Forever," "Two Innocent Hearts," and "Oh-Oh, I'm Falling in Love Again."

According to her manager, Dick Katz, she has little time for anything but her job. He says she has "sacrificed romance," among other things, for her career.

In return she has lucrative contracts ensuring her future in television, on records and in variety. She started on *Spot The Tune* nearly three years ago at £35 a show, and now gets £200.

Her pianist, Jeff Saunders, prefers to be paid by the job rather than on a retainer basis. "She is in such demand it's more profitable," he says. When she opened a record shop in Dagenham last year mounted police had to be used to keep the crowd under control.

Now twenty-six years old, television's ubiquitous Dumpling—she has appeared on TV almost every week for more than two years and once performed in five major TV programmes in six days—makes the most of her sixty inches.

Women viewers have complained about the comprehensive manner in which she has vamped male contestants appearing in *Spot The Tune*.

In the promotion of her own cause Marion Ryan has herself shown a streak of fanaticism. Startled shoppers once observed her being carried along Bond Street wearing a wig, a mermaid's tail that weighed thirty pounds, and a bra of less restricting proportions.

A policeman ordered her, somewhat reluctantly, into a passing taxi.

A few weeks ago she brought morning crowds to a halt in Oxford Street, London, by appearing on the pavement in a strapless evening gown.

In her determination to be noticed despite her size, she has revealed varying amounts of her 38-23-36 figure to the public while playing the castanets in a swim suit; covered expediently but not amply by a rather large cymbal, in tartan pants and a variation on the sporran, in something like a hundred tight-fitting gowns a year, countless blouses and sweaters, and (inevitably) the dress the B.B.C. banned.

A natural show-off

She also took the first public bath any singer ever had on television. One person who was present doubts if there have ever been so many technicians in one studio at the same time.

Sometimes, when I look back on my career, all I can see are photographers standing on chairs, peering down," says the Dumpling.

Marion is a natural show-off," declares a close friend. She also has a good eye for publicity. When she flew to Majorca for a holiday last September she told reporters at London Airport, "I feel drained, like an empty milk bottle." Then she phoned her publicity agent, Les Perrin, in gay spirits.

"Someone's bound to say I don't look the same shape as a milk bottle," she told him happily.

She was right. Someone did.

Perrin has contributed much to the public image of Marion Ryan. Early in 1954, when she was almost unknown, he put out the slogan, "Marion Ryan sings like Marilyn Monroe looks."

"It didn't mean anything," he says, "but it got into one paper after another." Before long it had been quoted in several national dailies, leading papers in London, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh, and many smaller provincial papers. It still appears from time to time.

Originally,' says Perrin, "we were cashing in on Monroe. Now we're doing her a favour."

A few months later, smart manoeuvring by Perrin obtained Marion Ryan a booking of considerable prestige value as a British representative at the Bal des Petits Lits Blancs (Ball of the Little White Beds), an international cabaret at Deauville in aid of charity.

' Famous people were there from all over the world," she says. "Les told big fibs. He said that I was a star of TV. I was still a beginner."

Name given to ices

As an additional "excitement creator," Perrin suggested that ice-cream kiosks should call their sundaes after his client. Within twelve months Marion Ryan's name was above Ann Shelton's in a poll of the most popular British singers.

Manifestly healthy, TV's Apple Dumpling has done more than 120 programmes in the *Spot The Tune* series without missing a show, other than for a short holiday. At times she has dispensed romance under unusual circumstances.

Once she had a bilious attack ten minutes before she was due to face the cameras. Staggering back to the set—a balcony surrounded by flowers—and leaning against a pillar for support, she sang a soulful version of "Make The Man Love Me" before walking away to be sick once more.

While she was singing at a dinner in the House of Commons last March Big Ben began to strike so noisily that Miss Ryan had to stop in the middle of "Love Me Forever" and start again.

Wearing a low-cut, clinging dress of multi-coloured Cellophane which just reached to her knees, she invited any member of her audience, which included the Prime Minister and other

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Petite Marion Ryan, just five feet tall, earns £500 a week. The slogan "She sings like Marilyn Monroe looks" helped her to the top

What a predicament for Margot!

A business affair

continued from previous page

store, two blocks and three stories of it, the East Anglian West End, where you can pretty well buy anything."

"I know it well," he said. "Colman inherited it last year when his uncle died. I wasn't here then, but I gather there was a lot of talk in the town."

"I'll bet there was."

"This is the damnedest thing," said Bill Rhydd. "You don't know how fantastic this is—that is, if I'm right. I think you're Margot Rockwell."

"That's right."

"You were the only daughter of old man Rockwell who founded the business," he went on. "But when he died last year you were abroad and he astounded everybody by leaving the whole thing to Colman. Nothing to you at all. Wasn't that it?"

"Your facts are right, as far as they go," Margot admitted. "As it happened, I was in New York studying American merchandising. And I was stunned by the news I received—not just my father's death alone, not losing what I thought was my inheritance, but by the thought that he had lost all faith in me at the end.

"I began to hear things—from relatives, from old friends in Mapleworth, old employees at the store who wrote to me, things about Colman, how he'd managed to dominate my father in those last months when he wasn't really mentally sure of himself, how Colman had spoken of me, and played upon my not being there . . . Oh, downright fraud and slander, if half what they wrote was true. . . ."

"But would you have wanted the store? I mean isn't it a big thing . . ."

"I could have coped," Margot said. "I loved the family store; it meant as much to me as any ancestral castle. Well, the time came when I knew I had to face Colman and tell him exactly what I thought of him."

BILL RHYDD said: "Miss Rockwell! Why on earth, out of all the houses in England did you have to break down outside mine? Prepare yourself for a shock. Only six weeks ago I, William Rhydd, purchased from Colman Makepeace Rockwell, for a sensational figure, the freehold, goodwill and stock-at-value of Rockwell's Universal Stores, Broad Street, Mapleworth. So, if it's your heritage you're after, I've got it."

"But. . . ."

"Immediately after the conclusion of the transaction," he went on, "your cousin ceased to be seen in the district and was last heard of, I believe, in the West Indies."

She stared at him in amazement.

"Of course," he said, "I'm an innocent party, as it were, but naturally you're bound to hate me——"

"It's quite incredible," she said. "You, the heir of the Rockwells! I can't help looking at you with some loathing."

"You said Rockwell's was like an old castle. So it is, and it's got its ghost, a persistent sort of apparition called Margot Rockwell. She haunts the place. The oldest and best customers, the oldest and best staff, the people one meets on the golf course or at Rotary, they throw her in my face."

"Do they really remember me like that?" asked Margot eagerly.

"They do, confound them," he said. "Why, only this morning old Ainsworth said. . . ."

"Ainsworth? Pop Ainsworth? Is he still at the store?"

Bill answered: "Of course. He's absolutely devoted to the place—not to me, to the store."

"Dear old Pop Ainsworth!" said Margot. "I remember him when—well, he's one of the first people I remember at all. I'm glad he wasn't one of the cobwebs the new broom swept out."

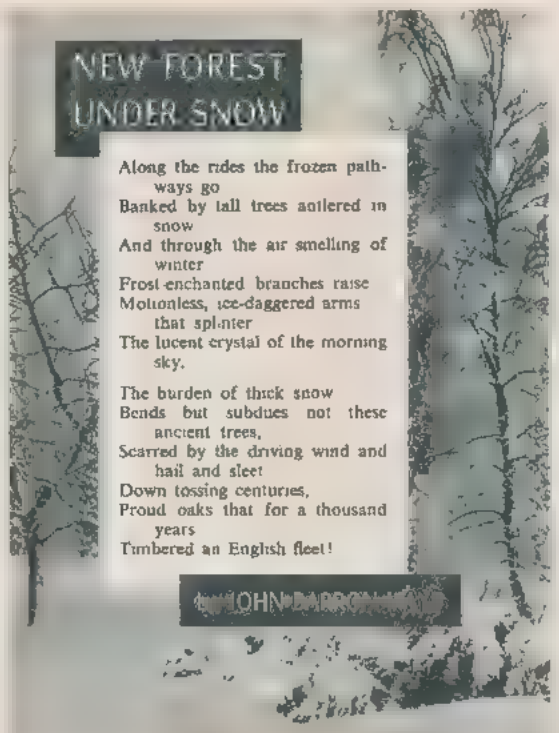
"I *am* making changes, of course," Bill said.

"Tell me," she said, "it'll hurt, but I'd like to know. I used to plan things as well—and I've got the same sort of feeling for the store as Ainsworth has. I'd like to know whether it's in good hands or not."

And that was how most of what remained of the night was spent, speaking of the store. Until at last, the conversational gaps became longer, until the topic drowsed away, and they fell asleep on the settee. Margot in some semi-conscious search for a comfortable attitude, settled her head on her host's shoulder.

They were in this position at eight o'clock next morning when Mrs. Sallow let herself in and came unannounced into the room. She looked

"Oh, good morning, Mrs. Sallow," said Mr. Rhydd, not moving for fear he


NEW FOREST
UNDER SNOW
Along the rides the frozen pathways go
Banked by tall trees antlered in snow
And through the air smelling of winter
Frost-enchanted branches raise
Motionless, ice-daggered arms that splinter
The lucent crystal of the morning sky.
The burden of thick snow
Bends but subdues not these ancient trees,
Scarred by the driving wind and hail and sleet
Down tossing centuries,
Proud oaks that for a thousand years
Timbered an English fleet!

should wake Margot. "I wonder if you could somehow produce breakfast."

She produced a meal of coffee and kippers. Meanwhile Margot took a bath and changed into her own dry clothes.

He was waiting for Margot to come downstairs when there came to his ears the noise of a motor-assisted bicycle.

SHORTLY afterwards, Mrs. Sallow ushered in an elderly man with a bald head and a blunt, pink wrinkled face, wearing spectacles.

"Mr. Ainsworth."

"Morning, Mr. Rhydd," said that senior employee of Rockwell's Universal Stores. "I see you had a tree down, and Mrs. Sallow tells me your electricity and telephone are cut. I'll ring the board on my way home."

"Thank you, Ainsworth. But why did you . . ."

"Because I couldn't get you on the telephone," said Ainsworth. "The basement of the Broad Street shop was flooded with about eighteen inches of water last night. I knocked up Wilson and Milner and we went along and did what we could."

"I've got Dodhurst making a complete inventory for the insurance claim. It's fairly dry now, apart from the lift well, and we've got the fire pump on that. I thought you'd like to know as soon as possible. Mr. Rhydd and I also wanted to explain why I shan't be in until after lunch, as I spent the night baling out the basement."

"I really don't know how you do half of it," said Bill. "I'll see your night party are suitably remembered. Have you had any breakfast? Mrs. Sallow has made some coffee . . ."

"Well, Mr. Rhydd, if I may suggest it—as I got rather damp last night—just as a precaution against the rheumatism—I'd prefer whisky."

Old Mr. Ainsworth was sipping this when Miss Rockwell came in.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "Miss Margot. I thought you were in America." He shook her hand in both of his.

"Dear old Pop," said Margot. "Just exactly the same!"

"Indestructible," he said. "But I didn't know you knew Mr. Rhydd. Are you coming back to the store?"

"Only as a customer, perhaps," she told him. She briefly outlined the events of the night. "So you see, Pop, my acquaintance with Mr. Rhydd is limited to my having shared this settee with him last night."

"Liable to misinterpretation, though," suggested Bill Rhydd. "Mrs. Sallow has taken it rather hard, in fact. I'm sure she'll give me notice if Miss Rockwell and I don't get married."

Get married!" exclaimed Ainsworth. "Why, of course—that's exactly what you must do!"

"Oh, come now!" protested Bill. "I know you and I belong to different generations, but I didn't expect this of you, Ainsworth. You've got a good business head but . . ."

"That's what I'm talking about, Mr. Rhydd," said Ainsworth. "Nothing's any worse because it's a commercial proposition, not even marriage."

"Ainsworth! I never dreamed you were such a callous old cynic."

"On the other hand," the old man went on, "if a man marries for sound business reasons, why then you can be certain he's examined the whole proposition coolly and intelligently, weighing up the pros and cons. He knows what he's doing; he doesn't stumble up to the altar in a state of delirium. Oh yes, policy before passion for connubial bliss, believe me."

"I trust you explained these ideas of yours quite clearly to Mrs. Ainsworth," said Bill. "It isn't really any part of your duties at Rockwell's to guide the love life of the proprietor, but I'm glad you've started on this share and better see how far it runs. Exactly why do you think a marriage between Miss Rockwell and myself would be a sound commercial proposition?"

"Well, Mr. Rhydd," said the old man, "take your side first. Having Miss Margot back in what amounts to partnership would mean a lot to the business. A lot of old and valuable clients feel the place isn't the same without a Rockwell in it, particularly as everybody knows she was cheated out of her rights."

Some old employees feel that too, I suppose?"

"Besides, you're not very clever with the soft furnishings and fashions yourself, Mr. Rhydd. Remember that sack-line stuff you bought? Oh, I know Mrs. Tulliver tries, but Miss Margot here knows that side of the business inside out."

"I see," said Bill Rhydd. "That's my side of it. As for Miss Rockwell, she gets the family business back, more or less. And there we are: enlightened self-interest well satisfied on both sides."

"Exactly, Mr. Rhydd."

MARGOT laughed and said: "Oh Ainsworth! The Cupid with the cash register! I know you mean well."

"Of course I do, Miss Margot," he told her. "And don't forget—I know you better than Mr. Rhydd does and I know Mr. Rhydd better than you do so I'm a better judge than either of you. I leave you with that thought," he added chirpily.

After he had gone, Bill said: "That was an odd piece of wishful thinking."

"That's exactly what it was," agreed Margot, still laughing. "Pop's sick of having divided loyalties."

"I don't know," said Bill, considering the matter. "His loyalty is to the store, as an institution. "Of course, you could say . . . it might be argued that the store is bigger than both of us. If you see what I mean."

"Pop always was a good salesman," she said. "Do you really mean that he's got you weighing up the pros and cons?"

"Purely as a commercial proposition," Bill told her. "There's only one thing that worries me. In view of what Ainsworth said about happy marriages. . . ."

"And what's that?"

"This damned music!" he told her. "I heard it last night. And there it is again—every time I touch you."

She was laughing so much that when he took her into his arms, it was difficult, for a second or two, to kiss her. And Mrs. Sallow, who had entered in time to hear his last remark was a witness of the embrace.

"If you want any breakfast you'd better come and get it," she said.

"Mrs. Sallow!" said Bill, continuing to hold Margot very tightly. "This is a business conference."

THE END

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NEXT WEEK

Fair Young Ghost

The moving story of a love that conquered death

by KENNETH KAY

They call it sport . . . but forty million fans make playing the game a serious business. If England loses, it's a national disaster

The playful British

by ALLEN ANDREWS

At half past two on Tuesday, July 17, 1956, the toastmaster at the London Guildhall prayed His Majesty the late King of Iraq, Their Royal Highnesses the late Crown Prince of Iraq and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and a host of notables to be silent for a special announcement.

The Lord Mayor of London rose from his gilded chair, faced the throng of royalty, nobles-in-waiting, seven ambassadors and thirteen Cabinet ministers, and said: "The Australians are all out for 140. England have won the third Test match."

Delighted applause crashed round the hall, as heavy as any that had greeted earlier speeches. When King Feisal had left Buckingham Palace to pass with his escort of Life Guards through two miles of troops to reach the Guildhall, the Australians were 108 for three wickets and apparently set to drag out a rain-marred match to a draw. But during the ceremonial luncheon Lock and Laker had got to work: seven wickets fell for thirty-two runs, and England was saved.

No British court official protested later that a Lord Mayor's luncheon in honour of a foreign monarch was an inappropriate occasion for interruption by news about a cricket match. On the contrary, the victory at Headingley like the relief of Mafeking, was a triumph to be blazoned as soon as it was known. The incident symbolizes the degree to which sport is accepted as a major part of the British national scene.

Success in sport has long been acknowledged as worthy of Royal

recognition. The former professional cricketers Hutton, L. and Hobbs, J. B., are now Sir Len and Sir Jack. For a short time racegoers encouraging the jockey Richards had to yell, "Come on Sir Gordon!" until he retired.

When footballer Stanley Matthews was *not* knighted but given the C.B.E. in January 1957, seven national newspapers condemned the omission. The *Daily Mail* ran a headline, 'So it's not Sir Stan after all." The *New Statesman* said that Sir Anthony Eden might lose more votes from "this bit of fatuity" than from the Suez fiasco.

'Hit 'em for six'

The importance of sport to the British is recognized by generals, clergy politicians and business men. Lord Montgomery included in his wartime orders exhortations to "hit the enemy for six," and bishops are not above using sporting metaphors in addresses.

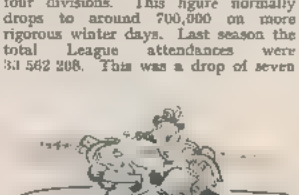
A Dominions Secretary, J. H. Thomas, is said to have intervened authoritatively in 1933 in the bodyline cricket dispute that was estranging Britain and Australia.

The Exchequer draws between £30 and £40 million a year from sport, through betting tax, purchase tax and income tax on professionals.

Sport has now become big business. A million pounds' worth of golf balls alone are manufactured in Britain a year. Two pages of the average popular national newspaper are devoted to sport, and there are 212 sports periodicals. Even a minor sport which swells in popularity starts new production lines. Since the war ten thousand Britons have taken up archery. Their equipment includes a £12 tubular steel bow, costs £25 in all, and creates a £250 000 industry.

About forty million of the British follow sport and twenty million actually take part. A Gallup Poll established that the average man who practises sport has a repertoire of seven active recreations, and the average woman has three. The most popular mass sports are swimming, cycling and tennis, where women participate almost as much as men. After cycling, football is second highest for men, but at the bottom of the list for women.

Yet one in four women *follow* soccer, according to a poll taken in 1956. An increasing number actually watch it, continuing a habit which began for many in wartime. When the League football season started in England and Wales last August, 1 025,447 people—still mostly men—paid to watch the forty-six games in the four divisions. This figure normally drops to around 700,000 on more rigorous winter days. Last season the total League attendances were 31 562 268. This was a drop of seven



million on football's best season, 1948-49. The loss in gate receipts because they stayed away is calculated to have been £750 000.

Political and Economic Planning has estimated that twelve million spectators attend Scottish League matches, and non-league games throughout Britain draw twenty million fans a year, making a grand total of sixty-five million.

Sporting slaves

This mass support for professional soccer has produced what has been called the modern slave auction. League players receive a maximum of £20 a week and £17 in the close season. But very few draw the maximum. They get a £2 bonus if their team draws and £4 if it wins. Yet on September 26 last year, Arsenal notified League clubs that they had seven players for sale at transfer prices ranging from £500 to £12 000.

Even the grand total of sixty-five million soccer attendances, though higher than the prewar figure, is less than five per cent of the numbers a really soccer-crazy Britain could achieve. Spectators at sport are, in fact, a tiny minority. *The Economist* has calculated that for every one among the active age groups who participates in sport in any week, two watch and twenty go to the cinema. But most of those twenty will follow some sport at some time in the year.

Every sport has its following. Some fans strike more terror into seasoned observers than others. "It was a nightmare which will always haunt me," reported one sports writer. "Fifty thousand female monsters straight from Saint Trinian's screaming for blood." He was referring, with heavy masculine peculiarity, to a representative hockey match, where a gate of 50 000 schoolgirls is normal.

The event which draws the biggest crowd is probably the Derby, with half a million. On a fine day, the crowd watching the Oxford and Cambridge boat race is at least a quarter of a million strong, but unfortunately for the universities it can never be called a "gate." The few private enclosures, including river steamers, take an estimated £15 000, but this stays in private hands. The Boat Race costs about £4,000 to put on. It has to be financed by subscriptions from enthusiasts and a grant from the gate of the university rugby match at Twickenham.

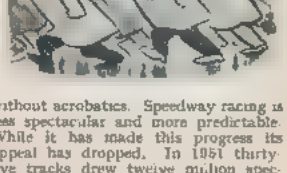
Considering the financial outlay involved the sport which gets by with least spectators is county cricket. About a million people watch it throughout the year, but Test matches can bring in half a million more. A bad summer can make a vital difference. Rain in 1954 cost an estimated £75 000.

Fans to the rescue

But county cricket is learning to manage without spectators. In 1957, a fairly good season for the game, the daily average of paying spectators watching Leicestershire play at home was 585. Yet the county team reckons to draw £9,500 a year from the subscriptions of 19 000 supporters, who raise for the club an additional £450 a week from pools run in the football season. In fact the sporting British have taken swift advantage of the recent Lotteries and Small Gaming Act by running sweepstakes in aid of their clubs throughout the year. Eleven county cricket clubs now take about £180 000 a year from private pools.

Supporters' clubs are a phenomenon which originated in League football. Four hundred of them in England and Wales now put about £600,000 a year into soccer. In 1956-57 Mansfield Town, a Third Division team, received £21 266 from 71,000 supporters, many of them gamblers who never attended a match.

Sometimes fans turn against a sport. Six years ago, Oliver Hart, the Oldsal and England speedway rider, was thrilling packed crowds with his drag turn: the inside leg trailing and the machine canted sharply over in a daring and delicate exhibition which might always end in a spill. Today, on perfected machines, every top rider broadsides sedately, almost upright, and



without acrobatics. Speedway racing is less spectacular and more predictable. While it has made this progress its appeal has dropped. In 1951 thirty-five tracks drew twelve million spectators a year. By 1956 there were fourteen tracks drawing five million.

Professional billiards lost to snooker as a spectacle partly owing to the very perfection of the players. As an extreme example, Tom Reece once exploited the 'cradle-cannon" position with such mastery that he made a break of 499 135 unfinished.

Few would pay to watch such monotonous activity. Table tennis, the game said to have been worked out in the 1890s using champagne corks for balls and the lids of cigar boxes for bats, was rescued from unprofitable boredom

continued on page 33

CONE OF SILENCE

The thrilling new novel by

DAVID BEATY

Fear lurks in

Gort had taken the blame. The crash of the Phoenix jet airliner at Ranjibad Airport had been attributed to pilot error. But Gort, a veteran airline captain, knew it was not his fault.

Hugh Dallas, International Airways Training Captain, checked Gort's flying afterwards. The older man did everything exactly according to the book. And Edward Manningham, superintendent of the jets, reinstated Gort in the Phoenix flight.

The decision pleased Gort's daughter, Charlotte, and Dallas was glad, for her sake, that he had not been able to fault her father. But there were others not so happy about the decision. Joyce Mitchell, a stewardess who had been keen on Dallas before he met Charlotte, was one of these. And Nigel Pickering, the plane's designer, was another.

But it was Clive Judd, the Phoenix Flight Captain, who was most bitterly opposed to Gort's reinstatement. Judd told Dallas he should have failed Gort.

"He's not good enough for the Phoenix route," Judd said. And then he dropped his bombshell. He had decided that the company ought to have a route inspector to keep its pilots up to the mark. . .

Dallas said coldly: "Until I've got another instructor, I haven't the time."

"Wouldn't dream of bothering you, Hugh," Judd said. "I shall do the route checking . . myself."

PART THREE

It was high noon in Ranjibad, and the sun blazed. Everything steamed, even the grass, brown and dry though it was. On the sticky tarmac outside Operations, Captain Gort and Mr Robinson, the Anglo-Indian manager at Ranjibad, stood side by side, shielding their eyes with their hands as they stared up into the sky.

Suddenly, Gort threw back his head even farther. He called out: "Ah here's Victor Mike now." A smile of pleasure turned up the corners of his lips. "Mr Robinson . . . what a sight!"

Coming out of the west, a sudden silver streak against that hard blue sky, wing tips trailing long straight strings of white, victoriously beautiful, effortless for all its speed, the Phoenix flashed over the airfield, turned to gold in the sun on a long slow turn to port and, now descending, wheeled round in a circuit to slow up; then came gliding—flaps out, gear down gracefully to earth. A swarm of white-overalled men hurried forward to service it as the passengers emerged.

The captain of the incoming Phoenix, a rather small man called Bateson with a chunky face and bright black eyes and an assured walk, came strolling up to Gort wiping his face. "God, it's hot!"

It is a little warm, Gort agreed.

Bateson put his handkerchief back in his pocket. "By the way . . . get your first officer to keep an eye on number four."

Gort said suspiciously: "What's the matter with number four?"

"Compressor revs high on take off."

Gort put his hand up to stroke his chin. "How much?"

"Oh . . . very little. Thought I'd just tell you, though."

"Thank you."

"Otherwise . . perfect!"

Fifteen minutes later, the passengers were on board again, refreshed by iced lemonade, and by cold air pumped into their cabin from a truck. Gort and his crew had disappeared into the cockpit.

Now everybody outside again stopped to watch. Even the two pilots from an Astroliner which had just arrived stood still to look at the departure.

A great burst of grey smoke came out of number three engine with a report like cannon fire, followed almost immediately afterwards by its twin on the same wing. One by one, the engines were run up, and again throttled back. All noise was hushed then. The aircraft seemed to be holding its breath in the hot stillness. Then suddenly, with a shattering roar, the four engines opened up together. A whirlwind of smoke and dust streamed up to the sky behind them. The Phoenix rolled.

Standing close to the Astroliner crew, Mr Robinson watched. On and on the Phoenix pounded, all the jets screaming at full power. Up went the nose wheel off the ground. The main tyres were kicking up great dry wakes of sand.

Then the aircraft still on the ground, went plunging into a slight dip in the runway, and only the silver back of the fuselage was visible.

All at once, Mr Robinson heard the Astroliner captain mutter to his first officer: "He's not going to get it off!" He saw him start to move forward.

And then easily an utter and immediate repudiation, the Phoenix rose into the air, tucked up its wheels and, in a great sweep of a climbing turn that provoked exclamations of wonder and admiration from the crowd, left the airfield to set course for Calcutta. . . .

To the east, the horizon was burned brown — an exact reflection, Gort thought to himself, of the baked mud of the countryside that crawled more than seven miles below. He had first caught sight of it a quarter of an hour ago, when it had just been a sharp arrowhead piercing a foamy mass of white cloud, pointing due south. Now suddenly enormous, it filled its own quarter of the sky completely, and trailed across their track.

He said to the first officer beside him: "Looks like a squall."

"Aren't the brown ones supposed to be dangerous, sir?"

"They're the worst . . certainly." Gort said. "Terrific up-currents. Tear our wings off." He glanced at the air-speed indicator—"at this speed. No need to go into them, though. Those brown ones are always small." He took out the automatic pilot, and turned the aircraft sixty degrees to starboard. "It'll fizzle out near the sea. I've seen a good many. These sort always do."

Now that the squall was on the port beam, he allowed his eyes to look downwards. There below him—he recognized it at once, although it was so tiny—was the village of Akmera, with its irregular shaped waterpool and curious white temple stuck like a hub in the centre of dark, palm-covered mud huts.

It was the same all down this India route. He could recognize where he was at once, without maps, he had stared at this same unchanging earth so long. From the green lush round Calcutta, over the red mud, the brown mud the grey mud to the yellow sand of Ranjibad and back again, he had done the trip so many times over the years that he felt himself somehow part of that up-and-down line.

The fact that in the early days he had flown over this route so slowly—at ninety miles an hour and a thousand feet up—and now in this sleek silver marvel flew so high and so fast, gave him immense satisfaction. At the start of his career, the airmails from the East took nearly a fortnight; now they took less than a day.

He took off his oxygen mask, got out of his seat, stood in the narrow aisle said to the first officer, "Just going aft to fix the alteration of track. Then I shall do my round of the passengers. All right?"

"Fine, sir." The first officer fastened the oxygen mask that was a regulation for the pilot on duty, and put up his thumb.

Gort went back to the navigator's table and made two small crosses four or five inches apart on the chart, measured the exact distance between them with dividers—a dog-leg towards the Bay of Bengal, away from the brown darkness to port.

"We'll go that way," he said. "A hundred miles farther . . but the only way round. Tell the R/O to get clearance eh? I'm just going aft."

He put on his cap, turned the knob of the door in front of him and went into the passenger cabin—smiling.

He talked to each one of the passengers. Each one of them was his guest. Each one of them, if they did but know it, had achieved already a certain immortality with him. For Gort kept a kind of scrapbook of all his trips, from the time when he first became a captain, in which he carefully copied out not only the names of his crews, but also the names of the passengers he carried; and when he could get them, their ages and occupations.

The air hostess, a girl called Jennifer Brent, watched Gort progressing down the aisle. For her the trip had so far been somewhat dull. At the hotel at the meal table, there he was—a stopper to all natural conversation, and even when he was absent, more often than not he was the subject, as the talk got round to the inquiry and its result. Watching him now she said to Alexander Minty, the steward: "You'd think he was their king come down amongst them!"

The steward put away his bar book and looked at Gort in action through the half-open hatch. "Mm," he said. "I wonder if any of them know."

That night in Singapore Gort wrote to his daughter:

> The crew are an extraordinary good lot on this trip, Charlotte. Keen, like all Phoenix crews are. You feel that, with each of them, their jobs are a vocation. Even the steward and the stewardess serve the passengers and us as though it was their delight to do so.
>
> All this is very heartening, as you can imagine. I had a feeling when I came back to the Line that perhaps after all, they are so much younger I might not be welcomed. I could not have been more wrong. Like my last crew, these four chaps and the

Accident-prone, they called him – and he knew that they were wrong. Yet here he was fighting a plunging plane for the second time in weeks

ILLUSTRATED BY J. ZELINSKI

the clouds

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Cone of silence

continued from page 18

girl are very easy to talk to, and there is always bright, friendly conversation at meals

Just after leaving Ranjibad, I saw a line squall ahead. This one looked very impressive, I can tell you! But for all that I knew it would peter out I've seen so many of them hanging about the Mukkwatt hills at this time of year So we dog-legged it towards the Bay of Bengal to Calcutta.

Great excitement there! Apparently we were the only aircraft in All the others hadn't liked the look of the weather We got a record turn round and tonight we were the only east-bound aircraft to reach Singapore for the last twenty-four hours. Our passengers were delighted!

Don't forget what I told you about not ordering fresh fruit or tea this week. Don t buy any rice, either Or any chutney. I shall have a two-day stop-over in Ranjibad coming home, and I shall get all we want

I am just off to bed, so I won't write any more. I shall give this letter to Captain Creighton when I hand over the aircraft at Ranjibad tomorrow, and I shall ask him if he would be kind enough to post it.

I am very tired Charlotte. But I am very content, too. And to feel those two—tired and content both at the same time is, I think the best reward I could ever receive.

About the same time, in London, Edward Manningham, the superintendent of the Phoenix Fleet, was reading a letter from the president of International Airways. It was not altogether a friendly letter

Dear Manningham,

When new to my position some six months ago, I was assured by my predecessor that I might place the utmost confidence in the good sense of my fleet superintendents I am wondering now if I have been after all so well informed

A most disturbing state of affairs involving the Phoenix Fleet has been brought to my notice by Captain Judd

We will, if you please, take our minds back to the regrettable accident at Ranjibad, to the subsequent inquiry and the blaming of the pilot in question It was, as a result, the board's unpleasant and difficult duty to discipline the captain involved.

Following my policy of decentralization and democratization in the company, to you was left the considerably lighter duty of deciding his future disposal.

I can readily understand that you would consider the pilot's experience, and the fact that through a number of V.I.P. flights he had become fairly well known to the public However, in giving perhaps too much weight to the possibility of unwanted publicity, you have lost sight of the effect on our very good friends and allies—Atlas Aviation By retaining a pilot on the Phoenix Fleet in whom they have lost confidence, you have engendered a feeling of distrust and disappointment, a feeling I cannot allow to continue much longer

I understand that the pilot involved is at present on service. On his return you will inform him that he is to be posted to a conventional piston-engined fleet. The reasons and the details for this decision, I will leave you to decide. . . ."

Gort lay back in his seat, gently humming to himself. The Phoenix, homeward bound now from Singapore was held steady by the automatic pilot A small green aura hung over the flight deck instruments. The first officer snoozed.

Gort edged a red-topped throttle lever a fraction forward Then, as though it was a barometer, he tapped the radio compass, its needle wavering slightly a few degrees to port

The first officer opened his eyes "That Kotah beacon, sir?"

"Yes," he said "We're cleared to descend from there. Estimated Ranjibad in just over the hour."

"Any sign of that layer cloud Calcutta told us about?"

"Not yet. I've been watching.

Gort leaned over to disengage the automatic pilot. He reduced power to eight thousand r.p.m. Very slightly he eased the control column forward.

Leaving its higher element, the Phoenix came down gracefully Shading his eyes, the first officer peered out of his side window He said "I think the stuff's just below us now, sir "

Gort saw it himself He flattened the aircraft out, and flew level just above the stratus, finding out if it was after all as flat as it was forecast.

"Layer cloud," he said, at last just seems to be layer cloud "

Down went the nose under the surface and the cloud closed noiselessly over their heads. The aircraft descended nicely, smoothly for four thousand feet. Gort noticed that the outside temperature was zero centigrade—a high freezing level.

A frown crossed his face. High altitude layer cloud—if it was innocent—was nearly always thin Just in case of rough weather, he put on the *Fasten Your Seat Belt* sign

Suddenly there was a crackling all round them, a clatter and a banging against the fuselage. In the clammy

"It's got the moth. Now everyone will know that it's not nylon"

greyness just ahead, Gort saw dark shapes falling. He shouted out: 'Hail . . . huge hailstones!'"

The port wing lurched to the left. Gort was grappling with the stick, trying to straighten up, when the whole windscreen exploded in his face. His oxygen mask was wrenched off and went flying out in front of him. A fantastic sucking sensation pulled him forwards against his straps and his head dragged towards the empty windscreen, as papers, maps, books, and the crew's oxygen masks went out into the night in swirling, shrieking, tornado circles.

Up and up went the Phoenix, blown by the power of the storm beneath it. Gort yelled, "Air brakes!" to the first officer and pushed the nose hard down, waiting for the sudden deceleration.

But the speed built up.

"Think they've gone . . . not working!" the first officer howled.

Gort suddenly felt a tightening round his ribs. Above even the rushing sting of the cold air, he could hear the quick gasps of his own breathing.

"Got to slow down somehow!" he shouted. 'Wings'll be off in a moment!'

He closed all four throttles to six thousand r.p.m. Lower than that, and the jet flames might go out. He pulled the nose hard back.

He knew he had to get down quickly, but with all the power of his disciplined heart, he fought against the urge to lower the nose. He knew that, if he dived towards the earth, the speed would build up and, hitting the up-currents of the storm so fast, the Phoenix would disintegrate.

Instead, he pulled the nose up even farther, trying to get the speed lower. But the perfectly streamlined Phoenix, supported by the fast-rising outside air whistled onwards, reluctant to slow down except gradually.

Before Gort's eyes now there was nothing but a whirl of black and green and red, dancing round the phosphorescent hand of the airspeed indicator. He

CANDOUR—I

Sometimes it becomes more than a moral duty to speak one's mind. It becomes a pleasure.

Oscar Wilde

forced himself to await 175 knots, the speed for which his flaps were stressed.

190 . . . 180——

At last, 175! He hauled back on the flap lever. The aircraft rose with the extra lift. But the speed jerked lower.

170 . . . 165——

It was the highest speed the book allowed the undercarriage to be lowered. He slammed the lever down.

And now, with all that drag—slowing up, swinging from side to side, shaking all over—the Phoenix started to drop.

Gort felt ill. Dry retching racked his mouth. He watched the altimeter swing down past 26,000 feet to 24,000——

The storm, stronger down here, banged viciously at the wings. Feeling no help from the right-hand controls, Gort glanced to the right. The first officer was slumped in his seat—out from lack of oxygen.

He himself couldn't breathe. He couldn't breathe! An appalling fear flooded over him that he would just give up, go to sleep, leave the Phoenix to turn over on its back and die.

He pushed the nose down farther. He saw the altimeter . . . 22,000. *I can't breathe*, he thought, *I must have air. I've got to have air to go on.*

He fought his way down, conscious all the time that he must not exceed 155 knots, the speed the gear was stressed for. The Phoenix seemed to have slowed up on the descent. The currents kept the aircraft high warding it off from the life-giving oxygen that was spread out so bountifully at lower levels, waiting to be breathed.

21,000 . . . 20,000——

His ears were aching now, ringing with pain. It could not go on much longer surely, this minutes-long nightmare must have an end. . . .

17,000. 16,000——

At 13,000 feet he had enough consciousness to spare to feel the cold whirlwind streaming through his wet hair.

Suddenly they were out of cloud. Out of the side window he saw lights glimmering up dimply from the ground. There were stars ahead. He felt air moving in freely, easily into his lungs again.

His arms felt stronger. Levelling off at seven thousand feet, he raised the gear and the flaps, pushed the throttles forward practically to the stops. The Phoenix leaped into the clear.

The radio officer asked, "You all right, sir?"

Yes," he said. "Yes . . . I'm all right. Better do something for Mr Reeve. Portable oxygen bottles . . . And find out how the passengers are, would you?"

Twenty minutes later, when things throughout the Phoenix fuselage were calmer, when the first officer, recovered now, was sitting in the left-hand seat pressing a cushion against the empty windscreen, the radio officer handed Gort a message that had just come through from control. *Warning all aircraft—upper air disturbance developing in N.W. Rajasthan.*

Gort smiled. Then he took out his handkerchief, wiped his hands and face carefully, saw the dim string of the Ranjibad runway lights ahead, and got himself ready to land the Phoenix from the right-hand seat.

When he replied to the president's letter, Manningham was glad to have Gort's laconic report on the explosive decompression incident on the desk in front of him.

From his own knowledge, he had been able to fill in the gaps. He could picture the scene in that wild airless cockpit at 27,000 feet. He wondered how many of the younger pilots would have had the self-discipline to descend in the laid-down way that Gort had done, and how many of them would have gone plunging instead through all that turbulence, leaving the Phoenix in little pieces all over Rajasthan.

Manningham wrote:

——I would wish respectfully to point out that Captain Gort was checked out on the Phoenix by Captain Dallas, who was very satisfied with the competence of his performance. I have good reason to have the greatest confidence in Captain Dallas as a training captain, and he has always shown a remarkable ability in assessing the flying efficiency of his fellow pilots. Under the circumstances, and in the absence of any instruction to the contrary from head office and with an acute pilot shortage in the fleet, I felt there was no alternative but that Captain Gort should return to the route.

Since that time, Captain Gort has already most strikingly demonstrated that this faith in his flying ability on the Phoenix was well-founded. Two days ago, as you will know by now, he experienced an explosive decompression at 27,000 feet in dangerous turbulence, coupled with the failure of his hydraulic air brakes. Deprived of his mask, and suffering from acute oxygen starvation, Captain Gort exerted a magnificent self-discipline in slowing the aircraft down to the exact prescribed speed before descending safely through severe up-currents which badly damaged two slower conventional-type aircraft.

I would most earnestly request that the board should consider some recognition of this achievement, in the form of a recommendation for the Queen's Commendation for Valuable Services in the Air.

In view of this incident, which perhaps puts matters in a different light, I thought you might not wish me to implement your instructions for the time being. I will not therefore see Captain Gort till I receive your further communication. . . .

He read the letter over carefully before sending it in to his secretary to type.

Don't wait for me to do your grumbling

I no more take pleasure in retelling stories about myself than I do at seeing my own rather horrible face in the mirror. But someone recently told me of a conversation he had overheard on top of a London bus.

In front of him were a husband and wife, arguing about some dress material the woman had evidently bought from one of the West End stores and over which she now considered she had been swindled.

Like a suburban Lady Macbeth, she was trying to rouse her husband's courage enough to induce him to go back to the store and tell them exactly what he thought about them and their shoddy stuff. But he demurred and suggested that she should do it herself. Finally, he burst out with, "Who do you think I am? Gilbert Harding?"

I find that story infinitely depressing. People seem to have lost the courage and the capacity to speak up for themselves. They like to see me, and other professional grumblers, do their protesting for them.

'I am not, I'd have them know, a nearly extinct volcano, blowing my top from time to time, all smoke and rumbling because I am ill, tiddly, or just bad-tempered.

When I know I am in the right, I am angered and of course, I protest with all the vigour of which I am capable. When I don't know what I am talking about, I keep quiet.

I am sure that many of us are meek and put up with the shoddy, the sham and the second best in shops without even a squeak of protest because we don't really know what we are talking about.

If we did, we'd find the courage and confidence to let them have it, good and proper.

Guide for shoppers

Well, there is now no excuse. Every shopper can know what's what.

About eighteen months ago a small group of shoppers decided to start a society that would test and report to them upon the things on sale in the shops, on everything from aspirins to motor cars.

Now the Consumers Association, as they decided to call themselves, has more than 100,000 members.

There is, too, a Consumer Advisory Council, an off-shoot of the British Standards Institution. Both these independent organizations publish periodically to members, for a mere ten bob a year, all kinds of helpful information based upon careful tests.

I knew that the poor pay most for everything; to buy a large packet of anything is always the cheaper way to shop.

But I did not realize that if you buy olive oil in a 3¼ fluid ounce bottle at 2s 2d, you are paying £5 6s. 8d. a gallon. If you buy a gallon you are charged £2 15s. 6d and save £2 11s. 2d.

I am sure that traders and manufacturers welcome the informed shopper, and there is no excuse for extravagant, ignorant shopping. I hope it is ignorance, not lack of interest, that makes some wives behave so stupidly in shops. I am continually being astounded at what I hear and see.

Yes, I do go shopping whenever I can because I like to see for myself what I am getting and to keep in touch with all the good things that are going.

Are we rationed?

Oh, and half a pound of cheese, please. I heard a woman say in my grocer's last Saturday.

Half a pound of *cheese*! Was she content with any anonymous mousetrap when there were arrayed before her, in rotund splendour, English Cheshire, Derby, Lancashire, Cheddar, Double Gloucester and Stilton cheeses, to say nothing of fine cheeses from Holland, Switzerland and France?

I see capable looking housewives behaving like craven ignoramuses, especially at the butcher's.

During rationing, most of us were glad enough to take just what the butcher could let us have—to listen to some women shopping today you would think there was still a war on. "A bit of beef, please—about 9s 6d." I hear whispered, and feel sorry for their husbands.

I'm sorry for the butcher, too. If I were behind the chopping block I'd slap down a prime fillet steak, about as big as a packet of twenty cigarettes, for 9s 6d, just to see their startled faces and teach them a lesson. But butchers are skilled, patient men and dole out back and top ribs and brisket, cheap and succulent, to shoppers who don't deserve them and are too ignorant to appreciate their good luck.

I suspect it is not only a matter of learning: old attitudes have been changed. Too many women still think, for obscure, snobbish reasons that it is, somehow, *infra dig* to appear too knowing, to prod and peer in a shop, and to be seen, too openly, doing mental arithmetic.

That's as daft as another piece of suburban snobbery which I used to observe when I lived in the provinces—the old custom of being seen having coffee in the town on Monday mornings, then everybody would know that a woman was a lady and didn't do her own washing.

THE END

In short

Note From The Head

I am sorry, but I must ask that Harold should obey the school rules about clothes. I do not expect pupils to wear a uniform, but I rather object to showing-off

When Harold wears an American-style shirt hanging outside his trousers and covered with what I believe are known as pin-ups, the effect on the other boys is disastrous. I should also prefer that in future he did not wear baseball kit in class.

Of course, I do not want to seem to question your discretion as parents, but I do feel that the prestige of the school is lowered when he walks through the streets and in at the gate wearing a paper hat that invites girls to kiss him.

I am quite sure that Harold could gain the esteem of his companions on his own merits and does not need either parti-coloured shoelaces or artificial hair on the backs of his hands.

I am loath to interfere in anything so personal as haircutting, but the combination of crew-cut in front and long, oiled locks coming down over his collar at the back gives, I feel, a misleading picture of the school.

Could you not, perhaps, persuade him to model his appearance more on your own?

R. G. G. PRICE

Singing Suit

When Mr Delmonico sings in the choir
His voice has a liquid inflection.
His hair is immaculate, and his attire,
He is groomed and coiffured to perfection
He trills and he warbles, a joy to the ear,
His arpeggios are simply ecstatic;
It is an experience, simply to hear
Mr D.'s Sunday-morning chromatic.

Yet when Mr Delmonico sings in his tub,
(And his efforts, when bathing, are tireless),
He roars and he bellows until (here's the rub!)
It is useless to turn on the wireless.
It is what he is wearing (or not) I can see
That determines the note that he sings on.
I cannot help wishing my friend, Mr D.,
Would bathe with his best Sunday-things on!

GERTRUDE MONRO HIGGS

Surgery Hours

A patient is one who sits and waits
In a crowded room and incubates
Germs that wouldn't have infiltrated
If he hadn't sat and waited.

SHEILA MEREDITH

No, Like This

"Oh, you *are* in then. Why is the whole house dark?"

"I'm not hiding. It's a fuse. Just hold the torch, will you?"

'Well, I will, but what would you do if I wasn't here? You ought to be able to mend a fuse single-handed at your age."

"It's as much as I can do to mend it two-handed."

"I see you still have the old-fashioned fusebox. With my new furniture I'd never dare to have anything that wasn't self acting."

"What does it do, ring up the fire brigade?"

"I doubt whether you know enough Electricity to explain to you. Is your fuse wire resistant to temperature change?"

"It's just ordinary fuse wire. I've nearly finished."

"You haven't nearly finished at all. That's not how to fix it. You ought to wind it round anti-clockwise. There's a right and a wrong way to do everything. What is your annual rate of fuse-blowing?"

"We hardly ever get one. Perhaps it's because we fix the wire clockwise."

"Oh, if you don't *want* me to help. . . ."

GEOFFREY RICHARDS

Cone of silence

continued from previous page

for dispatch by the company's own mail system.

Next day, around the same time as Gort brought the Singapore service into London, he received a reply

My dear Manningham,

I was extremely pleased to have your letter, and though, of course, I did know of Captain Gort's achievement on Phoenix Victor Delta, it was gratifying to discover that you had hit on much the same plan as I had myself with which to make it memorable within the annals of the company.

However, the board feel that a recommendation for the Queen's Commendation for Valuable Services in the Air, since the citation would necessitate a description of explosive decompression on the Phoenix that would inevitably be made public would be unfair to the industry as a whole. Taken out of its context of years of work and tests and trials, this isolated incident at this stage of civil jet operations gives a misleading picture.

It therefore gives me great pleasure to instruct you to inform Captain Gort at the earliest opportunity that written in his records will now be found a commendation from the company.

In addition, we feel that better use could be found for Captain Gort's immense experience in the air than employment as just another route pilot. So that, at the same time as you tell him of the commendation, you will let him know that he is immediately appointed to the newly created position of Adviser on the Far Eastern Route to the Operations Director at Head Office. . . .

As he read the letter, Manningham smiled. It did not escape him that by this administrative position on the ground, the president intended to achieve much the same result as his earlier letter. But this was victory, where the other had been defeat.

He picked up the president's letter and put it firmly into his OUT tray. The Gort affair was over. Now it could be filed and finished with. . .

As Hugh Dallas came through the swing doors, he saw Gort and his crew sorting out their mail from the alphabetical cubby holes that ranged on either side of the small hall leading to Operations. He nodded cheerfully. "Heard you had a rough trip."

Gort said. "One of those things, Hugh."

Dallas looked round the crew. He said: "Must have livened up the trip for all of you." And then: "Passengers a bit upset, were they?"

Gort said. "A little. Not too bad. Mr Minty and Miss Brent looked after them very well." He added. "Busy, Hugh . . . these days are you?"

"Will be soon, when we start moving into the new offices here. Not at present, though. No aircraft."

"So you'll be able to come along and have that bite with us?"

Dallas hesitated. 'Well, George——"

"I haven't seen the roster yet, but what about Tuesday?"

Dallas said. "Yes, I can manage Tuesday."

The crew had done with their letter collecting and were moving in a body towards the centre of the operations room. Gort waved his hand and said "See you on Tuesday then, Hugh." and followed them.

There the week's crew rosters awaited them and in the centre of the captains' was DUTY CREW GORT

EDWARD MANNINGHAM invited Gort to his home to break the news to him. They were taking an after-supper stroll in the garden when the superintendent told him about the commendation.

"Edward, that's . . . that's very generous," Gort said, obviously greatly pleased.

'Not many pilots get a commendation from the company," Manningham said. "Only four in six years.

I m grateful Edward. Very honoured."

"And that's not all. You've been appointed Operations Adviser to Hullett in the Far Eastern Division."

Manningham waited expectantly for the full impact of this further news.

"You mean," Gort asked, "at headquarters?"

'That's right. They need a man like you there.'

"But Hullett doesn't need any advice. He's done fifteen years on the Eastern route himself."

'Not on the Phoenix. They want someone with jet experience."

"I'm surprised, then, that they didn't choose Judd."

'Judd hasn't got your experience on the route."

"And I haven't got his experience on the Phoenix."

Manningham hesitated. Then he said: "The salary's the same . . . but the possibilities of further promotion, they're much better. I mean, you've been a senior captain . . . well, how long, George?"

Gort laughed. Twenty years."

'And you don't just want to go on being just a senior captain till you retire."

"No . . . I don't."

"Well, then . . . the appointment's effective immediately."

But there was only silence from the man walking beside him. Then Gort shook his head, and said. "No, Edward."

Manningham turned to look at him. "Whatever do you mean?'

"From the company's point of view, this advisory position obviously needs considerable jet experience."

"You've *got* jet experience."

'And I'm getting more all the time. I've settled down to the Phoenix fleet. I like it. Offer me a job like that in a year or so—fine! But at present——"

"Of course you'll accept!" Exasperated, Manningham began leading the way back to the house. Behind him, he heard Gort saying. 'The way I see it, with the expansion across the Pacific . . . this job needs someone to advise the company on runway lengths, alternates, holding and let-down procedures, meteorological landing and take-off limits, what jets can and can't do in hot temperatures . . . dozens of other things. Needs a man with more than a hundred hours jet experience . . . wouldn't you say so, Edward?"

WHEN Hugh Dallas stood in front of the Gorts' white-painted door with its polished brass knocker, he wished he hadn't come.

He looked down at his suit, straightened his tie, ran a hand over his hair. While it was still upraised, the door suddenly opened.

'Hallo," Charlotte said. "I saw your car from the window. Won't you come in?" The wide skirt of her frock lightly flicked him as she turned to lead the way into the lounge. "I'm afraid Father's not here. He was called out at tea time to do an airtest. But he oughtn't to be long."

Charlotte walked over to the cocktail cabinet, and peered inside. 'Drink?"

Dallas followed her. "Got any beer? Yes. I can see it." He stretched out his arm. Here. let me open it.

"And one for me please."

As he leaned down to get the bottles and the glasses, she moved away to the marble mantelpiece. Half under her breath, she hummed—looking down at her feet, at her nails and towards the window, not glancing at him once.

"Are you busy, Captain Dallas?"

Fairly busy. Not much time to do anything.'

She inclined her head. "Except the odd show now and again?" Her eyes were green and bland. And then after a pause. "I was so sorry about the other night."

But he was prepared for this. "So

was I He made it sound quite care less as he carried over her glass

"So lucky you could change the tickets" she looked up at him inno cently "at such short notice

Wasn t it?

"And did you enjoy the show?'

'Mm . . . quite good, I thought.' He waited for her to say. "And the girl . . . did she? ' He was sure that the question was hovering there. Instead, he heard himself say: "And you . . . and your friend?"

'Oh, yes!' She swung herself dreamily from side to side. 'We had a wonderful evening. Such fun! A small sigh seemed to escape her. *Alas, it said, not like tonight*

Dallas unconsciously tightened his mouth. "Your friend——" he began.

The telephone rang in the hall outside. ' Excuse me she said. "I won t be long." She moved across the room with a restrained expectant eagerness

'Your friend perhaps ' Dallas murmured dryly

When she came back, he noticed that she had renewed her lipstick. "That was Father,' she said "He's just got down He's terribly sorry '

' That's all right

He said he'd be about an hour At least let me get you another drink? '

He let her go and fi l his glass, because her movements were pleasurable to watch. He said "Duty crew s a bind of course." He could not keep out of his voice a certain satisfaction

They sat down and there was silence Since Gort had phoned, the distance between them seemed to have widened . The clock gabbled the time away Cars came and went quietly in the street below Sooner or later one of them would be Gort's. Then the opportunity would be gone

Leaning forward slightly he said. ' Charlotte. I've never . . we've never really had a chance to talk since that first time at the inquiry Remember? '

"I remember ' Unhelpful. Cold

I'm sorry that I said so much.

"To me or to the court?

"I'm sorry about what I said to you t didn't know you were George s daughter So I apologise What I said to the court doesn't concern you

"I think it does.' She faced him ' You helped to get Father b amed '

H made an irritable movement f dismissal 'He wasn't blamed

Who was, then? You, Captain Da las? The Phoenix? Atlas Aviation?"

"Look." He ran his hands through his hair It was only brought in as pi ot error

Only'

Not negligence,' he went on dog gedly "It means that in a situation that required quick judgment, your father didn't quite do the right thing Nobody holds him personally to blame '

But that s what everyone *does* Oh, don t you see! You're not blind! Don t you know what it's really done to him? And it's not his fault. He would always, *always* do the right thing.'

Because, reluctantly, he was moved by her distress, he said roughly "For God's sake, you're not a pilot! You don't know what the hell you're talking about "

She said in a low voice I think you a l wanted Father not the Phoenix to be blamed '

' Now you *are* talking nonsense, ' Dallas said "After all, someone had to get *some* blame

"And it wasn't going to be you, was it, Captain Dallas?'

She sprang to her feet facing him savagely, and then ran from the room.

When the door had shut after her there was silence throughout the flat Then Dallas heard a heavy step on the stairs, and Gort came in.

'Hugh , I'm sorry So sorry You know what these blasted duty crews are. But . where's Charlotte?" His face showed concern to find a guest neglected, till the girl, cool and composed as ever came back into the lounge With relief Gort smiled and said' "Ah, there you are! She has been looking after you, Hugh , I hope?'

Joyce mitchell sat on the galley table, her blue uniform skirt pulled nicely over her crossed knees. "Alex," she was saying to the steward. "You re wrong. Quite wrong!"

He grinned up at her, half amused, half ma icious "I'm not, you know '

'It s Creighton," she said "They told me it was Creighton.

He went sick. Late last night Hell of a flap finding someone." He glanced out of the porthole

"Any sign of their lordships?" Joyce asked And when the steward shook his head "It s amazing . . when there's a delay . . . how quickly the operating crew melt away "

The steward started to potter round the galley, moving this, checking that till he saw a company crew raincoat on the rest compartment seat opposite. He walked over to put it in the vestibule

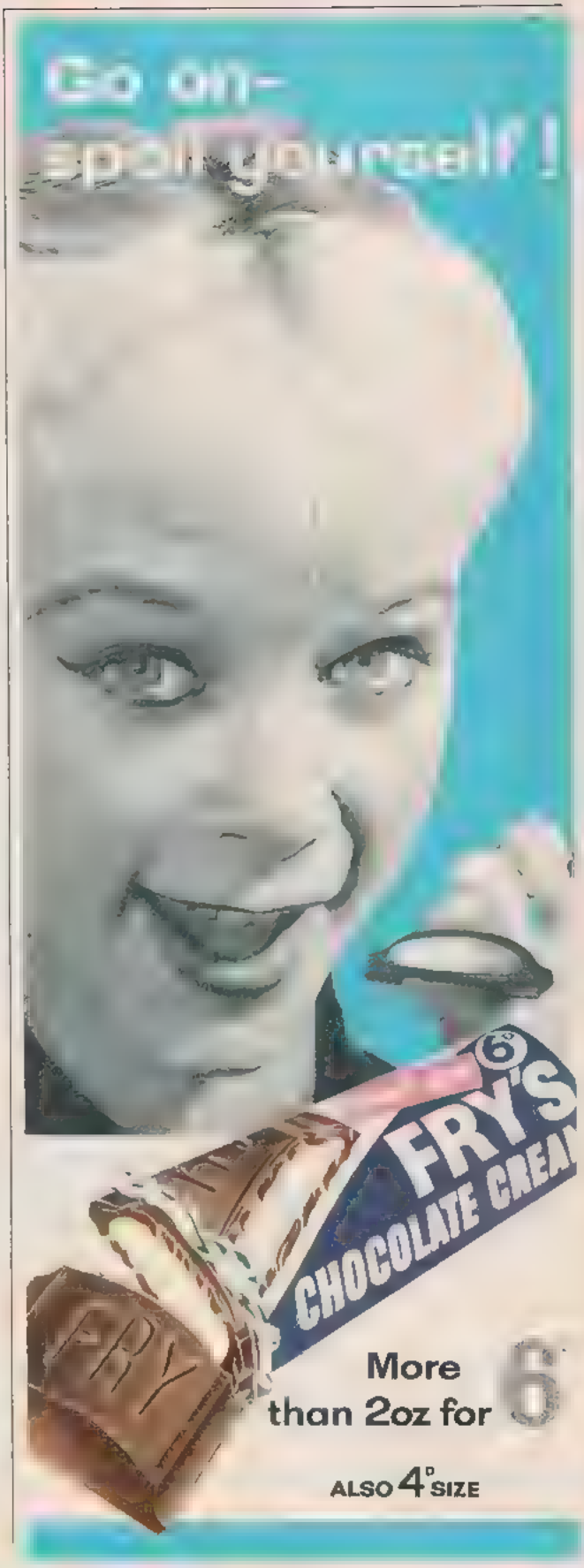
There you are, you see!" he said, holding up the name tag towards her "Proof! *G Gort* "

He had not expected the effect it would have on her She went almost white, her face suddenly quite frightened He saw her take hold of herself with an effort

'He's all right," he said "Don't worry "

"The only time I ever pray," Joyce b gan She was going on in an exag geratedly high voice ' Just before I look at the roster——" when the door to the passenger cabin began to open It opened wider, and a large figure came in just as she was saying "I pray . . . please God, *please* don t send me out with Captain Gort!"

George Gort's blue eyes regarded his catering crew unblinkingly He stood



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Cone of silence

continued from previous page

there, taking in the steward holding his coat, the girl perched on the table. He nodded. "Morning Mr. Minty . . . Miss Mitchell." And then he had gone, up into the flight deck.

The steward hissed across at the stewardess. 'He heard you.'

She tossed her head. "He didn't."

The rest of the crew came aboard. The Australian pilot, Captain Braddock, was supernumerary. One by one, the jets started. The Phoenix took off, climbed to cruising altitude, set course for Rome.

It was not till they had left Rome and were well on the way to Cairo that Gort sent for Joyce.

He turned his head. He had in fact, heard her remark and, having mulled it over in his mind, had decided that he should laugh it off quite openly as Dallas or Bateson would have done, make some crack (he had in fact prepared something) about the rigours of the roster.

He saw a girl not much older than his daughter—pretty, too, but wide-eyed, pale, looking rather scared.

'Miss Mitchell——" he began. And stopped. He had forgotten the quip. He could not remember the words. He had never in any case quite got used to this skirted crew-member who had only made her appearance during the past few years of his flying experience.

"I'm a bit thirsty Miss Mitchell," he said at last. "Would you be so good as to bring me a cup of coffee?"

* * *

When Gort opened the door, the huge hotel lounge looked empty. Then a head appeared from behind the deep wings of an armchair. A voice said affably. "Hallo, George."

Captain Gort stood staring across the length of the room at Captain Judd.

"Surprised to see me?" The flight captain was walking over towards him. "Well . . . I'm surprised to see you too. Thought it was Creighton."

He went sick. They were stuck. Good trip?'

'Very good."

"Tired. I expect?'

Gort said stiffly. "No more tired than anyone else would be after flying four thousand miles."

"All right . . . all right, George!"

A rather strained silence descended, broken only by the creaking of the fans on the ceiling. Then Gort said politely. "Been in Ranjbad long?'

'Came yesterday with Leyland. I'm on this route checking business.'

'What business?" said Gort.

"I have to make sure that the boys down the line are flying according to the book.'

'I didn't know that you had any instructional experience.'

Rather coldly Judd said. "I'm not *instructing*." He added, 'I'll be coming with you, George, tomorrow."

Gort said immediately. "But I've got Braddock with me. We haven't room for another supernumerary."

"I won't be coming supernumerary. I'll be coming as the route inspector."

"Oh," said Gort. "Inspecting me?"

Judd looked at him and laughed. 'Don't glare at me as though I'm the Gestapo, George. Pure formality for you. We'll have a good yarn together. Then you can buy me a beer in Singapore."

Certainly, twenty-four hours later, that seemed to be the programme. In the taxi to the airport—shared by Captains Judd, Gort and Braddock—the newly appointed route inspector could hardly have been more friendly.

Judd did the take-off himself, and throughout the three-hour flight he remained remarkably talkative and amiable.

Then Gort was letting down over Calcutta. They broke cloud at 2,500 feet. There—over on the starboard bow, the lights of the airport shone up at them muzzily, through rain. Over the R/T, the tower came up in singsong Indian-English. "Victor Mike . . . altimeter one zero zero six millibars . . . visibility two miles in rain . . . wind north-west seventeen . . . runway three three."

Judd acknowledged it laconically enough. Then he said to Braddock. 'Three three'a the short one."

Something in the way he said it made Braddock lean forward to get a better view of the flight captain's face. It flashed through the Australian's mind that Judd was convinced Gort would overshoot on the short runway.

"Only one thousand six hundred yards." Judd went on. "Not long for a Phoenix."

Gort banked the aircraft to the right. He seemed unconcerned. 'With this wind . . . long enough," he said.

Four minutes later—all checks complete—from nine hundred feet they descended in a straight line.

'You're too high,' Judd said. He started to draw the throttles back.

' Eight thousand revs," Gort said.

The Phoenix came lower. At seven hundred feet, it began to be rougher. The wipers fanned rain away.

"You're too fast." Braddock could see that Judd's hands were moving the levers back farther.

Seven thousand revs," Gort said.

'Still too high!" Judd's voice had gone quite shrill with irritation. "Runway's *short* . . . don't forget!"

But Gort did not call out for a reduction of power this time.

"Didn't you hear?" Judd demanded. 'Shall I give you eighty per cent flap?"

"Not yet," Gort said—but it was already down.

The Phoenix passed five hundred, four hundred feet.

"Get your speed down," Judd urged. 'Six thousand . . . six thousand!"

Gort said quietly. "Six thousand revs." And then. "Seven thousand revs."

"*Increasing* power are you?"

' Eight thousand revs."

And then, seconds after the levers went forward, ' Nine thousand revs!"

As he put the power on, Judd warned, "Not too fast!"

The aircraft suddenly sank. Out of the darkness, the runway seemed to rise up to meet them. The distance between the lights widened. Then the first two flashed by the wings.

The nose went up. Softly and gently, the wheels touched. As they slowed down, Judd said: "Nice landing! Bit low on the approach, though."

"From your running commentary," Gort said shortly, "I got the opposite idea. I was lower than usual . . . but we were all right."

They taxied to the ramp in silence. Gort shut down the engines. The passengers were taken off to the restaurant. Judd disappeared to hurry the ground crew with the refuelling.

Gort and Braddock were walking through the rain together, towards operations, when the flight captain caught them up. He held in his hand what looked like a shoot of thorns. He waved it at them.

"We *weren't* all right! They found this stuff round the port wheel." In the bright neon lights of the ramp, the Australian saw the concern on Judd's face. "Looks like we hit the hedge, coming in!"

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NEXT WEEK: *A jealous girl shows her claws*

CANDOUR 2

He who, when called upon to speak a disagreeable truth, tells it boldly and is done, is both bolder and milder than he who nibbles in a low voice and never ceases nibbling.

Lavater

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME by Roger Smithells

How to flatter your furniture

There are many finishes for furniture. If you want yours to do you credit you must give it the treatment which suits it

We used to dine off an ancient gateleg table. Our daily help larded it with wax and burnished it with elbow grease till it shone like the morning. It was the pride of her life. Finally we tired of all those legs and bought a light modern table with a sprayed cellulose finish. She looked, sighed, and attacked the new piece with the old fervour *and* the old wax. In vain we told her that the new finish needed a new treatment. Wax was the thing for wood, she said and carried on. I hate to think of the wax and the woman-hours she squandered on that ungrateful surface which needed only a wipe with a damp cloth and an occasional quick rub with a silicone polish.

I hate, too, to think of the thousands of housewives with a proper pride in their homes, wasting precious energy in much the same way. To keep furniture looking its best and to save yourself needless labour, you must know the right treatment for each furniture finish.

As with our new dining table, the right treatment is often the simplest. New polishes containing easy-rub, dirt-resisting silicones have taken much of the elbow grease out of furniture care without diminishing good looks.

The object of all furniture finishes is to protect the wood, which is porous and would easily be marked if the grain were left open. Before the all-useful plastics made their appearance, four main finishes were used: *french polish*, which gives a high gloss and which was used for high quality furniture; *wax polish*, less glossy which was usually used for solid furniture; *varnish*, either coloured or clear which was used generally for the cheaper kinds of furniture, and *paint and lacquers*.

Since plastics and cellulose came into their own, these finishes have almost disappeared from factory-made furniture. Except for some reproduction pieces, most new furniture is sprayed or coated with some kind of cellulose or plastic lacquer—either to a high gloss to simulate french polish, or lightly to show the grain and texture of the wood.

Spare the polish

Each finish has its special character. It does not follow that the wax polish which you have always used for your oak dining table will be the most suitable finish for the new cellulose surfaced coffee table in the sitting-room. One general rule holds good. Don't use too much polish. This leaves the surface greasy, and liable to collect dust and dirt, which darkens the colour of the wood in time and dulls the surface.

French polished furniture. First dust french polished surfaces carefully, then wipe them over with a chamois leather wrung out in warm water, and polish with a non-fluffy duster. If the surface is very greasy or dirty, put one tablespoon of vinegar to a quart of water, and wipe it over with this solution. A swab of chamois leather on a kitchen skewer will get into awkward crevices and carvings.

French polish which has become dull can be revived with an application of Furniglas No. 2 polish, polish vigorously with a soft cloth and finish with a piece of real silk. Keep it bright subsequently, with very occasional sparing applications of a liquid silicone polish such as Spix. The silicone content of this polish spreads a hard dirt, dust and water-repellent film over the surface, protecting the french polish underneath.

Wax polished surfaces which have been polished for years often acquire much too thick a layer of wax. Clean off such furniture by washing down with warm soapy water or detergent. When the surface is completely dry repolish it with a furniture cream containing silicones, such as "Topps." This automatically cleans the surface as it polishes, and covers it with a tough film of silicones which resist the attacks of further dirt.

Try warm beer

Dark oak furniture can be revived with an application of warm beer. This darkens, cleans and brightens without polishing. Beer will also revive ebony.

Inlaid furniture should never be washed, as water may loosen the stripe. Clean it, if it is dirty, with a paraffin rag and polish it with furniture cream.

Lacquered furniture should be dusted often and rubbed up with a soft duster. Polish occasionally with silicone.

Painted or varnished furniture. Dirty marks should be removed with a damp cloth. If they are very obstinate, add a little detergent to the water. Then polish it with a little Spix liquid silicone polish. This will renew the gloss on the surface, and protect it from dirt.

Cellulose or plastic lacquers are more resistant to dirt, damp and heat than other finishes, and are applied to most

DANGER

Worm at Work!

These two dangerous criminals, the Common Furniture Beetle (left) and the Lyctus Beetle (right), both enlarged ten times, may be at work in your house, destroying valuable furniture, or even the house timbers.

The scene of the crime is marked by the presence of tiny holes, not much bigger than a pin's head, in the wood. These are the "flight" holes made by the adult beetles on their way out of a piece of wood.

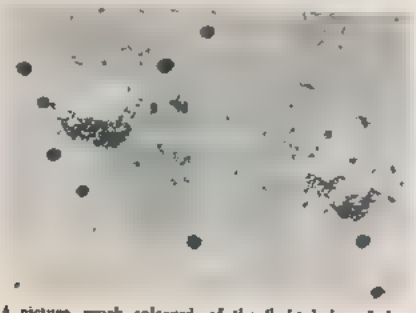
The common furniture beetle has a life cycle of two or four years. The eggs are laid in a crack or crevice, and hatch out after three to five weeks. The grubs immediately tunnel into the wood, and continue to do so for up to four years. They then become pupae, and finally hatch into adult beetles, which bore their way to the surface, leaving the flight holes. The lyctus beetle has a similar life cycle, lasting about a year only.

The common furniture beetle attacks the sapwood of *old* timber—softwood after about twenty years, hardwood after longer—while the lyctus beetle will attack the sapwood of *new* hardwoods. So if you have a new piece of furniture which has been attacked, the culprit is likely to be the lyctus beetle.

What can you do? The emergence period generally occurs when the warm weather begins. Just ahead of the warm weather season is a good time to take precautions to prevent adult beetles escaping and laying more eggs on fresh timber in other furniture.

If you have woodworm in a piece of furniture, your best plan is to treat the whole piece with insecticide. It is impossible to tell from the location of the flight holes the full extent of trouble within. Buy a good insecticide which is specially made for this purpose such as Rentokil or Wykamol, and first inject it into the flight holes at intervals of a few inches. You can buy a patent injector bottle to do this—otherwise use a small oil-can. Then paint the whole piece of furniture inside and out where it is not polished with the insecticide, so that it can soak well into the wood, forcing it into cracks and joints. If the piece is badly infested, you should remove the polish and treat all of the outside as well before re-polishing again, but normally treatment inside, and injection of the flight holes will be enough.

Rentokil make a series of insecticidal polishes to keep beetles at bay, so take the precaution of using these on the rest of your furniture in case the beetles spread. This firm has also just started up a Furniture Preservation Service, to treat or protect furniture from woodworm. Charges which are reasonable include collection and delivery and all work is guaranteed for five years. At present operating in the London area only, this service will be expanding later, and until then special quotations can be made for the service in other parts of the country.



A picture, much enlarged, of the flight holes of the common furniture beetle. The small piles of wood borings on the surface indicate newly made flight holes

Injecting worm holes with insecticide. This should be done every few inches, but not in every flight hole, before painting the whole piece of furniture with insecticide

modern furniture. The best treatment for these is an occasional rub with a liquid silicone polish such as Spix. If dirty marks appear on the furniture they can usually be wiped off with a damp cloth between polishes.

Marble should be cleaned with a paste made of equal parts of soft soap and precipitated whiting. Rinse and dry it. Then, to prevent dirt collecting, keep the surface polished with silicone furniture cream.

FURNITURE FIRST AID

However much care you take of your furniture, accidents can happen or may have happened before you even get the furniture. White marks caused by water or hot plates, or where the sun has bleached the surface, dents, cracks, blisters and stains all mar the appearance of furniture. Many of these maladies can be cured at your home.

White marks on wax polished wood can sometimes be removed by rubbing with methylated spirits and repolishing. Or you can apply linseed oil to the mark and leave it to soak in, repeating until the mark is as dark as the surrounding wood, then repolish. French polished surfaces which are marked may often be restored by an application of Furniglas No. 2 polish. If this has no appreciable effect, it is a sign that that part of the surfaces should be sanded and repolished, or stripped completely and refinished with the Furniglas french polishing kit. Cellulose finished furniture will probably have to be stripped and resprayed—not a job you can do at home.

Dents and bruises on the surface, if they are very bad, should be treated professionally. Cover slight damage with several thicknesses of well damped brown paper and leave them there until the wood is dampened. Then hold a warm iron over the paper. This will swell the wood and fill out the dent, then repolish the surface. This method is only suitable for wax-polished surfaces. Shallow dents in french polish can be filled with Furniglas White No. 1 polish concentrated and applied according to the maker's instructions and finished with Furniglas No. 2 polish.

Deep holes or cracks can be filled with Polyfilla, mixed with a wood dye to approximate to the lightest colour of the wood you are filling. You can fake the grain over the stopping with wood dye, put on with a fine brush, then finish with Furniglas No. 2 on french polish, or ordinary wax polish on waxed surfaces.

Slight scratches and nicks in the surface can be treated with Teals Scratch Cover polish. Apply this first to the scratches, having wiped over the whole surface with detergent. Allow time for the polish to soak into the scratches, then polish the whole surface with the same polish.

Blisters on the surface occur in veneered furniture. Sometimes pieces of veneer become loose or break off altogether, leaving exposed an ugly patch of base wood.

Cut round the edge of blisters, slightly outside the blistered part. Then lever out the round piece of veneer, and sand the edges gently until, when pressed back, it fits the space. Then stick it down again, being careful to match up the direction of the grain. Cover the patch with a piece of felt and press it down with a heavy flat weight for about an hour. Finally sand over the mend and about five inches all round, and repolish the whole section.

Loose veneer should be lifted off completely, and cleaned of old glue, then replaced. Missing pieces can be replaced with pieces of similar veneer obtainable at craft shops, stained to match and polished, but this is a trickier job.

Dark stains such as ink marks should be mopped up at once with blotting paper and then treated with vinegar and water. If this does not do the trick, the whole area of the stain and about three inches all round should be sanded with very fine glass-paper and repolished.

To treat cigarette burns scrape away charred wood with a razor blade or sandpaper wrapped round a pencil. Stop up the hollow with concentrated white Furniglas No. 1. If it is deep, fill it with Polyfilla, stain to match, and repolish.

New faces. Some furniture responds well to renovation. You can entirely change the appearance of an old cupboard or chest of drawers with an imaginative application of paint. Good quality wood with an attractive grain can be remarkably improved when stripped and refinished.

Stripping. The first step is to remove the old finish. You need a good quality paint stripper, a scraper and steel wool. Paint the stripper on to the wood, a fairly small area at a time, and after waiting the prescribed time, scrape off varnish, paint or polish with the scraper. Finish with steel wool. Round carving, or in awkward corners, you can do the scraping with steel wool wrapped round the end of a ruler. When the whole surface is stripped, wash down thoroughly with water to neutralize the stripper. On veneered furniture, mop dry at once, to make sure no water can get under the veneer and melt the glue.

Bleaching. You can bleach old stains out of wood with a solution of oxalic acid, but this has a serious drawback. The bleaching process may damage the fibre of the wood. Stain does not usually soak deep into the wood, and even on thin plywood it is better to remove it by sandpapering. Always rub with the grain. Do not sandpaper veneered furniture, as the layer of veneer is too thin.

French polishing. This is a finish round which there has always been an aura of expertise. But if you have patience—it is a fairly long job—you can achieve first-class results at home. A Furniglas french polishing kit is the easiest way for the amateur, as this contains complete instructions, and most of the materials you will need. These kits are available for all colours of wood.

Cellulose finishing. If a disaster happens to a modern piece of furniture which means removing the finish and starting again, don't try cellulosing it yourself. The kind of cellulose used for this finish is extremely dangerous to handle—so are its solvents. The simple way to renew this finish at home is to remove the original finish with sand paper until you are down to the raw wood, and then treat it with a plastic lacquer such as Converto-Lac 301, which gives it a transparent glossy finish. Or you can use Leyland's Primosorb treatment which gives a smooth egg-shell or glossy finish, while still preserving the grain of the wood.

Here are manufacturers of products mentioned in this article: Ronuk, Ltd., Portslade, Sussex (Spix); E. R. Howard Ltd., Howard House, Ipswich, Suffolk (Topps and Teals Scratch Cover Polish); Furniglas, Ltd., 14-15 Dingwall Road, Croydon, Surrey (Furniglas Home French Polishing Kits, Plastic Polishes, Ltd., 168 Holland Park Avenue, London, W.11 (Converto-Lac); Leyland Paint and Varnish Co. Ltd., 6 Golden Hill Lane, Leyland, Lancs (Primosorb). The Woodworm and Dry Rot Centre, 23 Hedford Square, London, W.C.1 (Rentokil products, and Furniture Preservation Service). Richardson and Starling, Ltd., 21 Hyde Street, Winchester (Wykamol). Polycell Products, Ltd., 5 Carker's Lane, London, N.W.5.

* * *

Roger Smithells will help you with your home-making problems. Write to him at JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply.

How we can prevent a third world war

Field-Marshal Montgomery learned many lessons as a great military leader of the past. Now he uses them to show how Britain and Europe can guarantee a peaceful future

BEFORE closing I must make clear my point of view about the future—a sort of final testament. In fact, I want to take this opportunity to state categorically—as I pull out from active employment—how I think the land should be made to lie.

The words "unity of the West" indicate very simply the goal which has to be reached if the Western Alliance is to flourish, we have a long road to travel before we reach it.

When I was appointed chairman of the Commanders-in-Chief Committee, I went to live in France—near Fontainebleau. My colleagues and I made plans to defend the West against aggression. But none of the plans could be carried out because the nations were unwilling to produce the necessary forces—properly trained, with a sound command structure and reliable communications.

No nation was willing to make any sacrifice of sovereignty for the common good. It was one thing for a number of foreign ministers to sit round a table and sign a treaty, followed by luncheons and dinners at which sentiments of friendship and unity were exchanged. It was quite another thing to get governments to do anything about it as the ministers very soon found when they got back to their own countries.

I reckon the prime ministers of Western Europe got pretty fed up with me in those days. They were never allowed to escape from the practical realities of the problem that faced them about the defence of their peoples and territories against aggression. It was a very frustrating time. It was necessary to become international, and few could.

I used to say that though I was, of course, British by birth, it was my duty to draw my sword and die for France, and for the other nations in continental Europe just as much as for Britain.

Help from Bevin

After a few months I came to the conclusion that drastic steps would have to be taken if we were to organize any sort of defence at all in Western Europe. Our defensive lay-out must include Western Germany. But the forces available made this impossible, it was doubtful if we could even hold the line of the Rhine.

I therefore went to see Ernest Bevin in January, 1949, and I asked him to set in motion measures which would aim at bringing Western Germany into the Western Union, and ultimately into the wider North Atlantic organization which was then under discussion.

Bevin was somewhat startled. I pointed out to him that the Western Union countries had neither the manpower nor the resources to build up the necessary military forces without "busting" themselves economically and financially. Our plans were based on conventional weapons and we would need strong forces if we were to match those which could be deployed against us by Russia. Without the Germans, we could not produce those forces.

The long struggle to get Western Germany (now the Federal German Republic) integrated politically and militarily into the Western camp is well known. The pace quickened in June, 1950, when the Korean war began.

I reported that month to the governments of the Western Union, in writing, that: "As things stand today and in the foreseeable future, there would be scenes of appalling and indescribable confusion in Western Europe if ever we were attacked by the Russians."

French opposition

Following on this statement, the problem of German participation in Western defence was discussed in the Nato Council in September, 1950, and met with opposition from the French.

The Nato nations argued the toss continuously for nearly four years. In the end, Federal Germany joined Nato as a full member for all purposes on May 9, 1955—over six years after I had made the approach to Mr Bevin. It had been a long, uphill struggle.

Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers Europe (S.H.A.P.E.), the direct descendant of Uniforce, was opened in Paris on April 2, 1951, with General Eisenhower as Supreme Commander. I joined him as Deputy Supreme Commander.

From the start Eisenhower was determined that all staff officers at S.H.A.P.E. must forget they belonged to a particular nation or service. All were to be international and inter-service. The headquarters was to be bilingual, all work being done in English and French. He never quite succeeded in the second objective; S.H.A.P.E. is still very much an English-speaking headquarters and an officer who cannot speak English does not achieve much.

I have served at S.H.A.P.E. under four supreme commanders—possibly the only officer who has done so.

Eisenhower, the first of them, became

In September Montgomery retired from active employment in the army. Today he lives quietly at his converted mill in Hampshire

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Montgomery

continued from previous page

very fully occupied with the presidential campaign which loomed ahead in 1952, and he left a good deal to General Gruenther—his chief of staff. He had no qualms about this, nor had anyone else.

Al Gruenther was a chief of staff *par excellence*, most able with a quick and clear brain, and very approachable. At that time there was a crusading spirit in the atmosphere at S.H.A.P.E., which took much of its inspiration from Eisenhower. Under him and Gruenther, S.H.A.P.E. soon developed into a very happy headquarters.

Then Eisenhower retired from the United States Army and left us; he had decided to run for President. I knew that he was being pressed by the Republican Party to run, and we used to have long talks on the subject. He went. But we had to pay the price.

General Ridgway arrived in Paris and took over from Eisenhower on May 30, 1952. He was a fine battlefield general and had done magnificently with the U.S. Eighth Army in Korea at a most critical time. I knew him well; he had served under me as a divisional and corps commander in the campaign in North-west Europe from Normandy to Berlin. I knew he was not the right man to succeed Eisenhower and I opposed the appointment, both to members of the Nato Council and to the British chiefs of staff.

I wanted Al Gruenther to succeed Eisenhower; so did most others. But the British chiefs of staff said Gruenther had never commanded anything in his life and they asked for Ridgway. The United States chiefs of staff agreed.

Declining morale

Ridgway didn't fit into the set-up; his merits as a fine battlefield commander were wasted in a rôle which didn't suit his temperament. He surrounded himself with an all-American personal staff, we got the feeling that there was too much "United States Eyes Only" in the headquarters. Morale began to decline. The crusading spirit disappeared. There was the sensation, difficult to describe, of a machine which was running down.

Ridgway left Europe on July 11, 1953, and Al Gruenther became our new Supreme Commander. He is a most human and sympathetic person, very popular, and a quick worker. He soon eliminated the over-Americanization which had tended to distort the atmosphere of the headquarters. Under him and his brilliant chief of staff (General Schuyler) S.H.A.P.E. regained its former morale and prestige. Al Gruenther did a terrific job in Europe and at S.H.A.P.E. first as chief of staff to Eisenhower and Ridgway, and finally as Supreme Commander himself a total period of nearly six years. I became devoted to him and to his wife.

Gruenther was succeeded in November, 1956, by General Norstad, a brilliant officer of the United States Air Force—a very firm friend and I gladly served on under him.

Under Eisenhower's guidance, and that of his successors, our military strength gradually increased, furthermore, the progress of science gave us nuclear weapons in ever-increasing quantity, making us all the stronger.

As time went on, our strategy gradually became to use the nuclear weapon at once if we are attacked; and that is how we stand today.

I have always thought that the Russians made up their minds from the very beginning that they would only fight a "cheap" war. Our tactics will make a war very expensive for them since they would suffer great damage and much loss of life—equally as great as we would. Therefore they will not attack us, so long as we remain strong and retain the ability to react instantly with nuclear weapons.

There was no alternative to this deterrent strategy except an agreement on disarmament, and this we could not get. We now have the deterrent and it is a good one; it has prevented a major war. But it is doubtful whether the deterrent is also a good defence.

All these things have happened during the past ten years. The sacrifices which have been made, financial and otherwise, to build up military strength have prevented a third world war; they have therefore been well worth while. But what are we to do during the next ten years? And where are we going?

This is the problem we face, and certain beacon lights seem to me to point the direction in which we should seek for the solution.

Both frightened

First, we must understand that Russia is just as frightened of attack by the Western Alliance as we are of attack by her. She therefore has *her* deterrent. Part of her overall security is the belt of satellite nations in Eastern Europe. Any move by the Western nations which suggested that they might help the satellite countries to regain their freedom would meet with instant counter-action by Russia.

Secondly, it is clear that the launching of war by Russia against the Western Alliance can be considered unlikely in any future that we can foresee, provided we do not reduce the overall deterrent against attack which we have created. This qualification is important.

And thirdly, Service chiefs must realize the general trend of Western political thought. Although confidence in our ability to deter armed aggression, and determination to resist if we are attacked, have been restored in the Nato area in Europe, there is nevertheless a feeling that we should now examine the Nato military structure and see whether we cannot get an equally good defence far more cheaply—which, in my opinion, is definitely possible.

Then there is another point. When the war ended in 1945 the geographical and strategical position of the West *vis-à-vis* the Eastern bloc was good; today it can only be described as bad.

We have lost our former positions in Indo-China, India, Palestine, Egypt, the Sudan, and in much of North Africa. The Middle East is in a disturbed state. Nationalism is in the ascendancy.

It is true that we have a United Nations Organization to handle world problems, but it is not united and not

"I'm afraid he doesn't like being disturbed during violin practice. Is it very important?"

"The spade is at the bottom of the garden, where you left it last year"

organized, perhaps it needs a new name The future of world civilization really depends on the Western Alliance. if that is neither united nor properly organized the future will indeed be grim.

Now that the main object, the prevention of war, has been achieved, the time has come for a thorough overhaul of the whole Nato organization

Its politico-military structure needs a searching examination, at present it is top-heavy, expensive, and does not work well The Nato Council is in permanent session in Paris, each nation being represented by an ambassador, its military advisers, the Standing Group (the executive body of the Military Committee of Nato), are in Washington

How can two organizations co-operate closely and efficiently if they are three thousand miles apart? If the Standing Group is required at all then it should be in Paris, alongside the permanent council

Simplicity and decision, two absolute essentials in war, have disappeared from the Nato military organization We are producing commanders trained in the art of compromise. The staffs of the major headquarters have grown beyond all possible peacetime needs, they should be ruthlessly pruned

Much of Nato's thinking is muddled and confused. The global aspect of defence is disregarded Defence problems have got into the hands of the foreign ministers, these know little about the subject, and, furthermore, they are not responsible for defence

There should be a Nato Defence Committee, on which sit a few selected defence ministers; this committee would deal with all defence problems and make recommendations to the full council

In 1956 the Nato nations spent over £20,000 million on their defence budgets—a vast sum If we can design a simple and effective structure for Nato and eradicate waste and duplication, we could have an equally good defence for far less cost

We now have the time to do this—to reorganize, regroup, redesign where necessary, regain the flexibility we have lost, and so on The object will be to achieve an organization which is less complicated than the present set-up, is less costly, which works better, and is equally effective

And the result—more money available for hospitals, education, roads, industrial development, and to reduce taxation Also, and very important, more money available for fighting the cold war and for dealing with incidents outside the Nato area. There cannot be a major war which is confined to the Nato area If war comes it will be global, and it could have its beginnings in some incident elsewhere. We must therefore ensure that we have forces available, and mobile, as a strategic reserve—ready for instant use anywhere in the world.

Then there is the question of disarmament. Basically, the real answer to the international arms race is to work for some future form of disarmament But we have a long way to go before we get general agreement on how this is to be done. No nation will agree to any plan which makes it give up something. Russia has much to hide the West little I do not see Russia agreeing that mobile inspection teams from Western nations should have the freedom of her country!

We cannot see into the future accurately But we can at least ensure that we do not disregard the lessons of the past only a madman would do that. Twice in my own lifetime an enemy has attempted to exert his will by force, and has plunged the world into war We now have a powerful weapon, the nuclear weapon, which will make this form of activity very expensive for similarly minded rulers in the future

Lesson of history

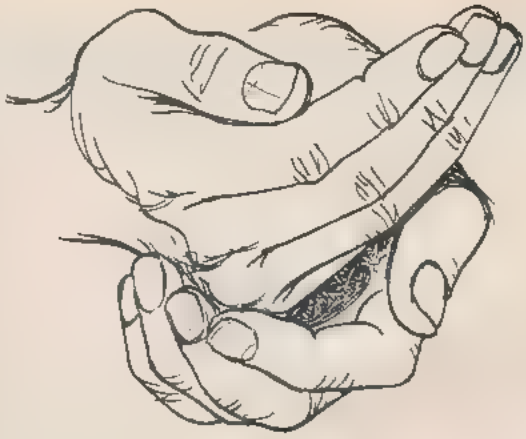
From the earliest days, the great lesson of history is that an enemy who is confined to a land strategy is, in the end, defeated. The second World War was fundamentally a struggle for control of sea communications—and until we had won that struggle we could not proceed with our plans to win the war. Therefore, in the event of war between the Communist bloc (led by Russia) and the free world, our strategy must be based on confining Russia to a land strategy and ensuring for ourselves the free use of the sea and air flanks. Any other strategy will be of no avail

This entails a global approach to the problem. We now have ballistic missiles with ranges up to five thousand miles and more, with nuclear warheads, man-made satellites circle the earth

The nuclear offensive and all defensive problems need to be viewed globally. We must have a global early warning system and centralized global planning for air defence. The need is vital for some central organization to plan and direct all these activities, and to control the satellites, which is above the level of the present Supreme Commander

And here I will leave the subject of collective defence in Europe and in Nato. We are too close to events to be able to comment further on them indeed, the events are still unfolding as I write these words. But what I can say is this, and it cannot be stated too clearly nor too often

My experience as an international



rub your hands with enjoyment . . .

Take a slice of Player's Medium Navy Cut; rub it in your hands. Smell the richness. Fill your pipe. *Then* you'll discover that *fresh-rubbed* Player's Medium, made from matured tobacco, has an *extra* flavour Ask for Player's Medium in the vacuum-sealed tin to be sure of ever fresh enjoyment

PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT

PLAYER'S *MEDIUM* *Navy Cut*

1 ounce airtight tin 4/11½

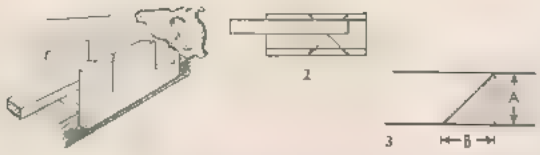
M.T. 1060

KEEP THIS

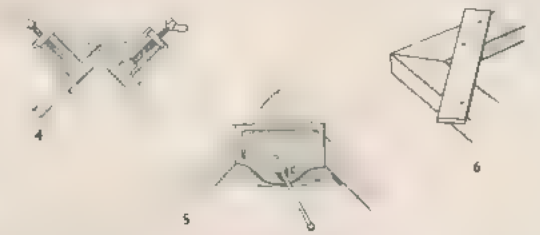
Here is another guide for handymen devised by Roger Smithells to help you pick the right methods and materials for your jobs around the house

Handyman Guide 18

MITRE JOINTS



CUTTING. To ensure a frame that is strong and square, the two pieces of a mitre joint must be cut accurately. The best way to do this is with a mitre guide (1). When sawing, hold the piece of wood against the far side of the guide, and hold the guide firm (2). If you do not have a guide, mark out the wood carefully, with a set square, or by drawing, as in (3). Make B equal to width of wood, A, and join the two ends to make a 45 deg. angle



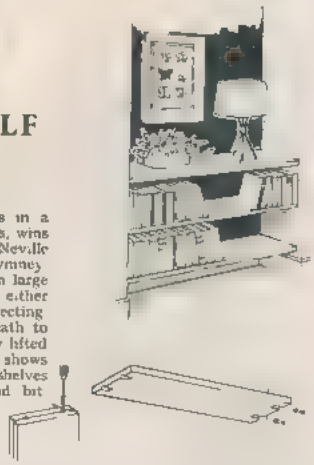
HOLDING. A firm hold on the two halves of the joint is essential for strong fixing. Most accurate way is with a mitre vice (4). This holds both pieces of wood at exactly the right angle. An ordinary vice can be used, as shown in (5). Make sure the two halves are at right angles by testing with a try square. If you have no vice, use a piece of ply, or hardboard, pinned across the angle with panel pins (6). Again test the pieces for squareness

FIXING. Simplest method is with nails, as in (7). Both parts must be held firmly, or they will slip when the nails are hammered in. Corrugated fasteners (8) are firm, though more noticeable. By cutting a slot in each piece and inserting a fillet (9), a neat strong joint can be made, and with dowels (10) the fixing is not visible. Mark the dowel positions as shown, to ensure an accurate fit. With all these fixings, glue must also be used

It's an idea

SECRET SHELF FIXING

A neat method of fixing shelves in a recess, without supporting battens, wins this week's guinea prize for Mr Neville Browning, 2 Grove Villas, Rhymney, Mon. He supports his shelves on large screws plugged into the wall on either side with 1 in. to 1½ in. left projecting. The shelves are grooved underneath to fit over the screws and are easily lifted out for decorating. The diagram shows a simple method of grooving two shelves simultaneously with a brace and bit



Send your bright idea, with a rough drawing where possible, to Roger Smithells, "John Bull Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each idea published.

Montgomery

continued from previous page

soldier has taught me that if the West is to survive it must evolve a far greater degree of common purpose and common responsibility than exists today. It needs closer co-operation in wider fields than the mere defence of national territories. The Western Alliance must be based on unity, hope and courage—cemented together by the joint strength of some 450 million people.

"Only be thou strong and very courageous," said God to Joshua, when appointing him to high command in the field *vice* Moses.

The Hungarians have reminded the world what can be achieved by courage alone. If the Western Alliance can have strength *and* courage, there is no limit to what it could achieve, provided that its members also have unity in the true sense.

Western unity is the only thing the Russians fear and all their plans are linked to one fundamental object—to prevent it.

Forget the details

I have come to the end of my tale. I have certainly enjoyed writing it.

As a schoolboy, and possibly also as a young man, I realize now that I saw little straight and nothing whole, and generally failed to detect the difference between what is important and what is trivial. But as I grew older I began to learn these things. Possibly the factor of the greatest use to me in later life has been the ability to be able to simplify a problem and expose the fundamentals on which all action must be based: to concentrate on essentials and to leave the details to my staff.

I also learned to regulate my life, not to overdo social activities, and never to worry. Then again it took me some time to learn that personal matters count for a great deal in this life. Individual happiness, cheerful, loyal service, giving a helping hand to others, gaining the trust and confidence of those you deal with—it is these things that matter most, to mention only a few.

Before I left school I had learned that of the many attributes necessary for success two are vital: hard work and absolute integrity. To these two I would now add a third—courage. I mean moral courage—not being afraid to say or do what you believe to be right.

When you bear tremendous responsibilities it is not always easy to live up to these ideals and I fear I have often lagged behind.

I also had the mental unrest of seeing certain aspects of the tactical conduct of the second World War mishandled and the British people thereby made to endure its horrors longer than should have been the case, with the loss of life which that entailed.

Magnificent staff

Under these sorts of strains it is difficult to appear always cheerful, one generally has to work off one's irritation on somebody. That "somebody" was my personal staff and I fear that at times they suffered. I am referring to my A.D.C.s and those who lived at my Tac H.Q. with me.

There were, of course, other occasions when they themselves were intensely irritating! But all in all, my personal staff were magnificent; they were all young and few were soldiers by profession. I cannot adequately express my gratitude for the part they so thoroughly and loyally played in such success as we achieved together.

I suppose that by the time I withdrew from active soldiering I had achieved a certain fame—notoriety, anyway! But I had definitely learned that the road which leads you there is hard and strewn with rocks, and the route to the summit is difficult. He who reaches the top will often be misunderstood and the target for much criticism, this will produce at times a feeling of loneliness, which is accentuated by the fact that those with whom he would most like to talk will often avoid him because of his position.

The only policy in high positions is an intense devotion to duty and the unswerving pursuit of the target, in spite of criticism—whispered or in the open. This is what I sought to do.

I have several times had to resist invitations to enter the political field. I do not think that I would make a good politician. War is a pretty rough and dirty game. But politics!

When the war began to near its end I received one day a letter from Margot Asquith (Lady Oxford) asking me to join the Liberal Party and lead it to better days. I politely declined.

The late Lord Addison, who was Lord Privy Seal in 1948, once tried to drag me into politics. He wrote to me on June 2 1948 and asked me to go into the division lobby on the side of the government at the second reading of the Parliament Bill. This was virtually an invitation by H.M.G. to the C.I.G.S. to participate actively in politics. I sent the letter at once to Mr Attlee; he saw the matter in the proper light and asked me to take no action on the request I had received.

It will be seen that while there were strong currents of opinion which tried to drag me into politics, I resisted and kept clear—which I consider was essential while I was serving the government. The soldier's allegiance is given to the state and it is not open to him to change that allegiance because of his political views. When he has retired, the matter is different: he can then do as he likes in the matter.

As I look back over the years I am constantly reminded of the extent to which my life has been influenced by four men—my father in my early life, Field-Marshal Alanbrooke in much of my military life, and Sir Winston Churchill and General Eisenhower.

I first got to know Alanbrooke ("Brookie," as he has always been to me) in 1926 when I went as an instructor to the Staff College, Camberley, he was already there, as instructor in artillery. Our really close association began in 1939, when I commanded the 3rd Division in his 2nd Corps, and from that time we were in constant touch until I succeeded him as Chief of the Imperial General Staff in June, 1946.

He was well tuned to my shortcomings and often administered a backhander, sometimes verbally and sometimes in writing; in neither case could they ever be misunderstood! But I suppose he reckoned I had certain good qualities, otherwise he would not have pushed me along the road in the way he did.

He always stood firmly by me when I was in trouble, and his advice was the best I knew. After the war I discovered from my staff that he was their strategic reserve. If I was "hellbent" on some particular course which they thought ill advised, the last card they would play was: "Have you consulted the C.I.G.S., sir?"

If that ultimate censor had concurred they knew that the game was up and opposition crumpled.

Brooke is not an easy person to get to know. But once you have managed to penetrate his quiet reserve you find there the splendid qualities that one is so conscious of lacking oneself.

I remember how angry I was when Eisenhower described him as a person who lacked the ability to weigh up conflicting factors in a problem and, like General Marshall, reach a rock-like

CANDOUR 3

There is no man so friendless but what he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

Bulwer-Lytton

decision. My feeling was that in strategic matters Brookie was generally right and Marshall wrong. However, any anger which developed in me against Eisenhower during the war years has long since evaporated. I now have a deep devotion for that great man.

It is my opinion that Alanbrooke and Winston Churchill together did more to ensure that we won the second World War than any other two men. They were a great pair. And in spite of all that he is and all that he has done, Brookie is the most retiring and modest man I have ever met.

Then there was Winston Churchill. We first met in the summer of 1940, after Dunkirk. We did not always see eye to eye; I doubt if any soldier ever has done with his political chief, and certainly not with that one. But we did not have in the second World War the rows that developed between soldiers and politicians in the first that was due to Churchill. It was also due to the fact that we had in existence the British Chiefs of Staff Committee, a constitutional body responsible direct to, and effectively tied in with, the War Cabinet.

It has always seemed to me that Winston Churchill combined within himself—within one man—almost all the qualities which we humans can possess, and, as with all humans, they were not by any means all good. Of all his remarkable traits I would put "domination" as the most prominent. He must dominate. He certainly dominated the events and persons surrounding him in the war years, as should all good leaders; you could look out for squalls if he was prevented from doing so.

As time went on I ceased to regard him as my political chief. He became my friend. We were "Winston" and "Monty," and so it is today and will be ever after.

And last is Eisenhower, a remarkable and most lovable man. I first met Ike in the spring of 1942, in England, but only for a few minutes and he made no great impression on me at that time.

The next occasion was in Tunisia in April, 1943. The Eighth Army, having fought its way from Alamein, was about to join hands with his forces which had landed in North Africa in November 1942.

Ike's confidence

I was now under his command. This time he stayed a night with me and made a very definite impression. He had never seen a shot fired in war till the landings in North Africa on November 8, 1942, and he had never before commanded troops in battle. We talked much and I was greatly impressed by his quick grasp of a problem and by the way he radiated confidence and kindness.

He was a very heavy smoker in those days and at breakfast in our mess tent he lit a cigarette before I had begun the meal. We were sitting together and I at once moved my seat to the other side of the table. He quickly sensed that I did not like smoke circulating around me at meal times and apologized, throwing away his cigarette!

I remained under his command from those days until the end of the German war in May, 1945. We did not always agree about the strategy and major tactics of the war in which we were engaged. But history will do no harm in talking about honest differences of opinion between us, provided as in our case was the fact it does so under the shadow of the great truth that Allied co-operation in Europe during the second World War was brought to the greatest heights it has ever attained. Although it may be true to say that no one man could have been responsible for such an achievement, the major share of the credit goes to Eisenhower – without any doubt.

I would not class Ike as a great soldier in the true sense of the word. He might have become one if he had ever had the experience of exercising direct command of a division, corps and army—which unfortunately for him did not come his way. But he was a great Supreme Commander—a military statesman. I

THE GUINNESS POPULARITY POLL

"No, not for long, we usually drink it!

MAKE A BREAK FOR A GUINNESS *and always have some in the house*

It's so good. But seriously, we always like to have some in the home. I always order a few bottles – or cans – at the weekend, as my husband and I have found that Guinness goes so well with food. I have also discovered that when I'm busy it makes a wonderful light lunch with a bit of bread and cheese."

Lots of women very sensibly look upon Guinness as a pick-me-up as well as being a very delightful drink. You only have to look around you to find more and more women are drinking Guinness, not only because it suits them, but because they enjoy its special taste.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GUINNESS
—in bottles, in cans, or on draught

G.E 31 1 K

PICTURE GUIDE
by ROGER SMITHELLS

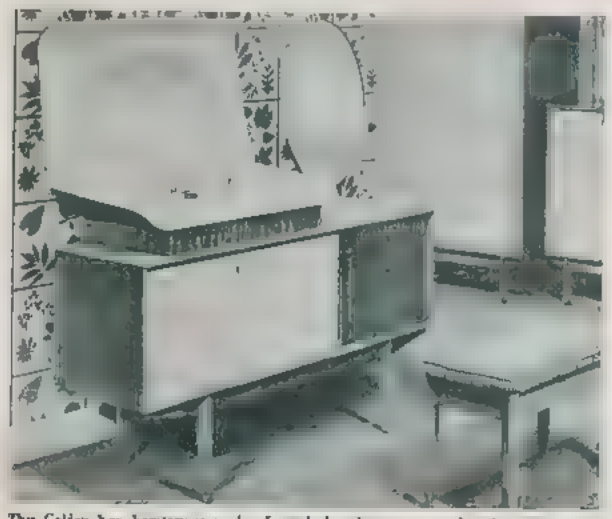
All is Vanitory

I ALWAYS felt a little sad about the fate of Victorian washstands. I know that they were inconvenient but the prettiness of the marble top and the flowered basin and jug made up for it. The chilly white basins bristling with shiny pipes which took their place in bedrooms were never as endearing.

But now there is a trend to gladden the hearts of other washstand fans. From America comes the idea of "Vanitories." These are all-in-one basins and dressing-tables which look at home and handsome whether they are in bathrooms, bedrooms or bedsitters. The idea seems to me a good one. One fitment which takes the place of two is always welcome in the modern space-saving household.

These Vanitory units have easily-cleaned Formica tops with the basins built in. The body of the unit, which conceals completely those ugly pipes, contains shelves or drawers to store bottles, jars and clean towels. Some have mirrors—the more expensive have built-in light fittings as well.

At first sight, these units may seem expensive, but bearing in mind that they combine a washbasin and a dressing-table, both quite expensive items, I think they could prove a practical alternative to either if you are building a new house, or converting an old one, or thinking of letting one room as a bedsitter.



This Golden Key Vanitory is made of polished mahogany, framed with opaline green Formica. The mirrored flap over the basin folds down to form a smooth dressing-table top when the basin is not in use. There is a whole bedroom suite in the same elegant brass-knobbed design to match the Vanitory. The price of the unit on its own is £59 17s.

A Vanitory unit made by Frova, with a white vitreous china basin. The top of the unit is made of lavender Formica edged with a strip of black, which continues up to form the back. The bow-fronted wooden cupboard which forms the body of the unit is lined with Formica, and there is a towel rail on the right. Fitted with a flush mirror and a strip-light, with a choice of combination taps and plug and chain or pop-up waste, this Vanitory costs £69 10s.

A make-it-yourself version in the form of an Ingle Kit. The body of the unit, containing a pull-out bin for dirty clothes costs £7 17s. 6d. The Graceline Formica top with Fishulow basin is available in a choice of colours and costs £15 15s. Total, £23 12s. 6d. excluding taps. Other kits have two basins and corner dressing-table.

Montgomery

continued from previous page

know of no other person who could have welded the Allied forces into such a fine fighting machine in the way he did, and kept a balance among the many conflicting and disturbing elements which threatened at times to wreck the ship.

I am devoted to him and would do anything for him. He has done a great deal for me, in difficult times and in good, and I can never adequately express what I owe to his personal kindness and forbearance.

I have tried to write the truth. I suppose everyone claims that about his memoirs! Most official accounts of past wars are deceptively well written and seem to omit many important matters—in particular, anything which might indicate that any of our commanders ever made the slightest mistake. They are therefore useless as a source of instruction.

Fifty years' service

They remind me of the French general's reply to a British protest in 1918, when the former directed the British to take over a sector from the French which had already been overrun by the Germans forty-eight hours previously. The French general said *"Mais, mon um, ça c'est pour l'histoire."*

I have not written *"pour l'histoire"* in that sense.

I withdrew from active employment in the army in September, 1958, after fifty years of continuous duty in the service of my Sovereign, without a break of any sort.

This is a long time. Since 1855, when the War Office came into existence and the Board of Ordnance was abolished, no officer has served longer. I understand that in the eighteenth century there are one or two examples of service longer than mine from the Board of Ordnance. But they were in a rather special position and, in general, commissions in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries could be held by officers at most unreasonable ages!

However, I am informed that despite the conditions of those times my service still exceeds that of Wellington, Marlborough and Monck.

I will conclude my military service by paying homage to the British soldier, my friend and comrade-in-arms during all those years.

The British soldier is second to none in the communities of fighting men. Some may possess more *élan*, others may be better disciplined; but none excels him in all-round character.

We require no training in bravery in Britain. We can trust to our own native manliness to see us through. So it is with the soldier. It is his natural pride which gives him his fighting qualities. How often he has stood firm before tyranny and oppression, the last hope of the free world!

In the midst of the noise and confusion of the battlefield, the simple homely figure of the British soldier stands out calm and resolute—dominating all around him with his quiet courage, his humour and his cheerfulness, his unflinching acceptance of the situation. May the ideals for which he has struggled never vanish from the world! May he never be forgotten by the nation for which he has fought so nobly!

I shall take away many impressions into the evening of life. But the one which I shall treasure above all is the picture of the British soldier—staunch and tenacious in adversity, kind and gentle in victory—the man to whom the nation has again and again, in the hour of adversity, owed its safety and its honour.

THE END

© *Bernard Law, Viscount Montgomery of Alamein 1959*

The Memoirs Of Field-Marshal Montgomery' is published by Collins as a book, price 35s

How to solve your child's 11+ problem

continued from page 7

education at Leicester University who originally suggested the development of modern and grammar schools as junior and senior high schools respectively, has recently suggested an even more revolutionary system.

One of the objections made to all the plans which, like Leicestershire's, split secondary education into two parts, is that they divide a child's total school life into at least four parts: infants, junior and two secondary. "If we end selection at eleven," says Pedley, "what justification remains for enforcing any break at eleven?"

The only reason for a break at eleven is historical. In 1926, when it was decided to divide all-age elementary schools into infants, juniors and seniors, the school-leaving age was fourteen. Unless a child transferred into the senior school at eleven the course would have been too short to be of any use.

Nowadays all children stay at school until they are fifteen plus. In the better secondary modern schools most stay beyond that. Pedley suggests, therefore, that school life should be broken into three new periods: five-nine, nine-thirteen, thirteen-eighteen.

He suggests that the break at nine instead of seven—the present division between infants and junior—would give the children more time to "take root" in their first years at school. The schools for the thirteen-eighteen year olds would have all the advantages of present-day comprehensive schools, but would be much smaller, probably around 1 200 instead of two thousand.

The curriculum in the first stage—five-nine—would be similar to that of present primary schools. But in the middle school—nine-thirteen—subjects would comprise English, French, maths, science, social studies, arts (a combination of music, art and crafts) and health (games, physical training and hygiene). Pupils would stay together in one class for all subjects.

At thirteen all children would go on to high school. Until they were fifteen or sixteen—depending on the compulsory school-leaving age at the time—they would study six main subjects more or less corresponding to those they had been studying in the middle school. In addition, they would take three or four options, to be chosen from a wide range of academic subjects, engineering, domestic science and commerce.

If they wished all children could stay on after the compulsory leaving age. The bright ones would take health and up to four special subjects. Those who chose the arts would also study general science, and the scientists would also take social studies. Children not bright enough to specialize would continue with their old subjects.

In both stages of the high school, children would be grouped for each subject according to their abilities.

Although the "Pedley Plan" is highly controversial, more and more educationists agree with his view that the case against rigid selection at eleven is overwhelming. "I don't say that one type of scheme is right for the whole country," Pedley concludes, "because local conditions vary. But every local authority should be looking at alternative forms of secondary education which suit their own areas."

THE END

The playful British

continued from page 17

in the nick of time. The rules were changed in 1937 to forbid any single rally lasting for more than twenty minutes. The previous year, during the world championship, one rally had gone on for two hours and five minutes.

Some sports go up in public favour as others come down.

Tens of thousands motor to Windsor or Cowdray Park when Prince Philip is expected to play polo. Royal favour may also have had an effect in bringing players into the game, if the sporting Jimmy Edwards is to be believed. "If you are in a team," he expounded, "you may be lucky enough to get into a match at one of the posh places like Windsor. That's how I managed to get myself photographed with the Duke of Edinburgh."

Show jumping is a sport now reckoned a major attraction, largely through the attention drawn to it by television. But professional boxing has a record of decline. In January, 1935, there were 245 professional promotions; in January, 1950, there were seventy-six; in January, 1957, seventeen.

The most puritan of the sporting British do not consider professional boxing a sport. They follow the tradition of aristocratic amateurism which, when horse racing was first organized, did not recognize it as a sport because gentlemen did not practise it. Undernourished, lightweight jockeys did the work, and a race was a gentleman's spectacle and gambling occasion, like a cockfight. In some circles *sport* is still a word confined to aristocratic diversions in the open country—hunting the fox, stag, hare and otter, shooting certain beasts and catching certain fish.

Today field sports are an expensive cult. It costs, on average, £40 to shoot a stag, £10 to catch a salmon, and £2 to shoot half a brace of grouse. If an actuary were to cost the overall expenditure on fox-hunting in Britain the price of one dead fox would exceed £20,000. Hunting has become so expensive that a "supporters' club" was formed to bolster the Pytchley Hunt.

Probably the most lucrative sport for a man at the top is horse racing. A leading jockey, who exists on fees and "presents" for winning, can earn up to £15,000 a year and has the longest active life of all the sports professionals. But, in general, the profit in sport is widely spread. Corporation transport departments often have to deal in a half-day with a total of travelling sportsmen equal to one-third of their town's population. A set of woods for bowls costs more than £5—and there are two million players to supply. The principal contractor for sports ground design, En-Tout-Cas, has an annual turnover of £1 million.

A little on the side are the hotels which charge 100 guineas a week for accommodation at the height of the Scottish salmon fishing season, the grain industry providing food for ten million racing pigeons, and professional racing tipsters.

Last year only one-quarter of the newspaper experts on "the flat" notched a profit.

CANDOUR—4

If people would dare to speak to one another unreservedly there would be a good deal less sorrow in the world a hundred years hence.

Samuel Butler

The British developed and popularized most sports, but nowadays British teams and players often find themselves being beaten at sports which their country exported. Badminton, for example, worked out in 1873 at a Gloucestershire house-party, is now the national game of Malaya, which has supplied many world champions.

When other countries take sport seriously they spend money on it. The Russians allocate £80 million a year to sport and physical education, and pay the lost wages of all their entrants to the Olympic Games. The French have announced that they will spend £250,000 to train their athletes for the 1960 Olympics. In Britain the State does not subsidize the Olympics, and it is an old joke that the British play games to keep fit, and keep fit to play games.

Unfortunately there is, in Britain, comparatively little space where people *can* play games.

With a population of fifty million, Britain has fewer than a hundred athletics tracks. Sweden, with seven million inhabitants, has eight hundred. The minimum need for playing space for all games as agreed by eighty local authorities is six acres per one thousand population. The eight best areas have five acres. The average is one and a half.

Only two or three in a thousand of the urban population can hope to play football or cricket on a public pitch on a Saturday afternoon. Yet the *potential* players (counting only males aged fifteen to thirty-five, and no women at all) are 145 in one thousand. So that the sporting British can, at best, play only once a year each.

This situation was once neatly summed up by the Duke of Edinburgh. "If we all went swimming together in winter," he said, "each pool would be a bit overcrowded, as it would have to accommodate about a hundred thousand people." THE END

Marion Ryan cuddles up to fame

continued from page 13

prominent politicians, to volunteer to join her in a song. No one came forward.

"They were all rather stuffy and serious," she says. "I could tell they weren't pop-conscious at all."

Undaunted, she pulled a man from his seat and subjected him to an intense recital of "You Made Me Love You."

"They told me he was the Speaker of the House, or something. . . ."

"When I'm singing at private parties," she says, "I make a point never to arrive early and always to get away quickly afterwards. It takes the glitter off if you are seen too much among the guests."

Pianist is hidden

Unlike most popular singers she does not have her pianist on the stage with her during variety. He plays from the orchestra pit.

"She likes the complete attention of her audience," says a friend.

She is never backward at taking the foreground she feels she needs by virtue of her size. A year ago, while singing in a TV film with Bob Hope at Wood Green studios, she brightly added a few lines of her own to those already in the script which Hope was following carefully from a prompt-board. One of them got a laugh from people in the studio.

"Don't crack gags and I won't sing," Hope said sharply. When the film appeared her remarks had been cut.

Another time she was booked to sing in a short British musical which was filmed in colour. The director wanted someone else to take the part of a St. Trinian's schoolgirl. "Let me do it, as well," said Miss Ryan.

Later, the director announced that he was looking for someone to play a harem girl. "I'll do that, too," she said.

She finally took three parts in the picture.

Jackie Rae, her partner in *Spot The Tune*, says that Marion not only knows where she is going—she is also supremely confident of arriving. Soon after she first came to London in 1956 she needed money to furnish a flat.

"I want to borrow three hundred pounds," she told her bank manager. "Don't worry about getting it back—I'm going to be a star."

He lent her the money, and she repaid it carefully at £5 a week.

Last year Marion determined to learn to swim, an accomplishment she had never mastered previously. "If I don't swim," she told friends before wading into the sea alone, "come and save me." When she came out she had mastered her first simple strokes.

According to her singing teacher, Mabel Corran, Marion also has "a small but extremely flexible mouth." Many people have found it at its most persuasive not when singing but when flexed in her familiar smile.

"As a child," says Mrs. Marie Cartman, her mother, "Marion never cried, begged or demanded. But she always managed to get her own way."

Mrs. Cartman's Apple Dumpling first used her smile and her wide blue eyes to commercial effect at the age of three when her photograph won 30s. and a box of toilet soap in a contest to find "the sweetest child."

At eleven, by an unusual but appealing treatment of her part as the washerwoman in a school version of *Joan of Arc*, she contrived to steal more applause in the finale than the girl who played Joan. At the age of fifteen she became "the most photogenic girl in Leeds."

By now she had left school and had been apprenticed, abortively, in a dress shop and a hairdressing salon. In both cases she took exception to "starting at the bottom" and left after a few weeks. Later she took work as a counter-hand in a large department store.

Car broke down

In June, 1948, when she was seventeen, she married Lloyd George Fred Sapherson, a thirty-four year old salesman. In 1956 she was granted a decree nisi and custody of her twin sons, Paul and Barry, at Leeds. The twins, now eight, are cared for by Mrs. Cartman.

In 1954 she was signed up by Ray Ellington, the band-leader.

With a regular platform for her charm, nothing could keep her from an audience. One winter night in 1957 her car broke down between the I.T.A. studios, Manchester, and the Palais Ballroom, Barrow, where she was due to sing with the band.

After persuading an hotelier to take her to Barrow in his car, she arrived at the ballroom as the dance was ending. Despite the fact that people were leaving, she insisted on singing two songs still dressed in her overcoat.

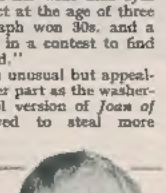
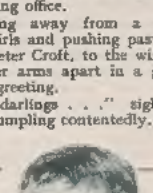
Marion Ryan's philosophy has been summed up as: "Love me, love my ambition." When she was asked recently whether fame or wealth was the spur in her life, she did not bother to think. "Both," she replied.

Psychologically, awareness of her smallness has undoubtedly played a part in her hopes and desires. The fact that her diminutive figure has been noticed still causes her an almost naïve degree of satisfaction.

A week before Christmas she was rehearsing for a musical show on the eighth floor of Television House, London. Across the gathering twilight in Kingsway, outside, she saw two men and a boy, watching, outlined in an overlooking office.

Breaking away from a group of chorus girls and pushing past the producer, Peter Croft, to the window, she threw her arms apart in a gesture of ecstatic greeting.

"My darlings . . ." sighed TV's Apple Dumpling contentedly. THE END

THE MYSTERIOUS ALEC GUINNESS

He's Britain's biggest international star.
Millions queue to see his films, yet hardly
anybody recognizes him in the street.
Now ALLEN ANDREWS tells you what
he's really like—the man of many faces

NEXT WEEK

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the "John Bull Illustrated" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise...

I AM a bus driver employed by a Yorkshire firm. Apart from two or three minutes at termini, I work an eight-hour shift without a break. Is this legal?—Driver, Leeds.

● Under the Road Traffic Act, 1930, a driver of a service vehicle must not be allowed to drive for more than five and a half hours without a proper period of rest away from his vehicle.

Any two or more periods of time are taken as continuous unless separated by an interval of not less than thirty minutes for rest and refreshment.

NO WAY OUT

MY stepsister was married under the name of my mother's first husband and not her second, which was her real name. Is she legally married?—G. C., County Down.

● The marriage would be legal irrespective of the name under which it was registered.

NOTES OF SUSPICION

A FIRM of experts tried to remove yellow stains from my piano keys and then said they had penetrated the ivory covering. I had to pay for a new set of keys. I wonder now if the keys were of solid ivory and I was cheated.—L. B., Huddersfield, Yorks.

● A piano expert says that for at least two hundred years piano keys have been made of wood covered by ivory. Your fears seem to be unfounded.

MOSSY UP TOP

THE asbestos tiled roof of my bungalow is covered with moss. A local builder has advised me to leave it alone, as disturbing the moss might make the roof porous. Is there any way I can remove it without risk?—W. D., Darlington.

● Use a diluted solution of sulphuric acid as a weed killer and spray or pour it on the moss. Be careful about splashing it on plants and hands.

Rain will wash the roof clean. If the roof becomes porous there are paints specially made for asbestos cement.

BREATHING SPACE

WHAT is the length of time between the granting of a divorce and when it becomes absolute?—Mrs. E. H., Folkestone, Kent.

● Application for a decree nisi to be made absolute can be made three months after the date of the former decree.

This period has recently been changed from six weeks.

SINK IS SUNK

A GLASS jar dropped on to my new white enamel sink and left an ugly black mark. Worried in case it turns rusty, I wonder if there is anything I can do to cover it? — Mrs. E. B., Jersey, C.I.

● It sounds as though you have an enamelled steel sink, in which case it is liable to become rusty and push off the enamel round the mark.

When the sink is dry, carefully clean over the mark with sandpaper and then paint it with "Bitumen" paint.

Unfortunately you will have to keep painting this patch.

BE YOUR OWN PULPER

HOW can I pulp paper to use as a stopper for draughts inside a house?—J. B., Gorebridge, Midlothian.

● Soak the paper in water until it is really soft and then tear it into small pieces. Mix them in a weak solution of Tapwata wallpaper paste, available from most decorating shops.

Knead to whatever consistency you require and the mixture is ready to use.

SINGLE SIXTIES

I AM over sixty-five and earn less than £440, but have to pay income tax. Yet, in your answer to J. W. N., in the issue dated December 27, you give £440 as the limit below which no tax is paid.—H. C., Dartmoor.

● The case to which you refer was that of a married man who does not pay income tax if he earns less than £440 at the age of sixty-five and over.

The exemption limit for a single person over sixty-five is £275 a year.

GASLIGHT ROBBERY

MY outside gas meter was robbed last year and now the North Western Gas Board have sent me a demand for £10 8s., the amount stolen. Must I pay this? They say they'll cut off the gas if I don't.—J. H., Denton, Manchester.

● It is the hirer's obligation to safeguard the slot-meter and its contents. Even if the money was stolen, you are still liable to pay for the gas you consumed.

A MOVING CASE

AFTER having the heel of my shoe cut off on the escalator in a large store I was told by the complaints department that I had no claim because the escalator was in good repair. Was this true?—Mrs. B. F., Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs.

● If the accident was caused by any part of the escalator that constituted anything in the nature of a trap or hidden danger to the normal user, the firm could be held liable for the damage.

GOING DOWN

WOULD it weaken a Utility bed which I wish to modernize, if I cut a piece off the legs?—Q. G., Redhill, Surrey.

● If anything, shortening the legs will probably make the bed stronger.

TIME FOR TRAINING

AGED thirty-eight, I would like to train as a midwife. Is there a course I could take? — Mrs. M. M., Dundee.

● Your age is not likely to be a disadvantage in taking the two-year midwifery course, but usually there are very few places at training hospitals, because of the number of trained nurses who wish to take the course.

You could, however, take the assistant nurse's training, which lasts two years, and follow it with one year's midwifery training.

INTRODUCING "HOMEMAKER"

WE are pleased to welcome a newcomer to the Odhams Press family of magazines — *HOMEMAKER*, a monthly how-to-do-it magazine which makes its appearance on Tuesday, February 3, price 1s. 3d. It will use full colour in its editorial and advertisement pages.

HOMEMAKER brings a practical, down-to-earth approach to home-making problems, and serves the interests both of those who like to do and make things for themselves and those who prefer to call in the assistance of paid labour.

Special consideration is given to those who live in a house, cottage or flat of moderate cost, and to young people who are setting up home for the first time.

As well as articles on home improvements, decoration and furnishing, there will be a free advisory service and regular features on the legal aspects of homemaking, on gardening, motoring and equipment for the handyman.

The importance of colour and design in modern decorative schemes is brilliantly illustrated in HOMEMAKER, and with every copy of the first 128-page issue a unique HOMEMAKER quick-dial colour schemer is given away free.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS

keeps practical homelovers up to date

● **Space and money saver:** A practical new addition to the Electrolux range of refrigerators, is the L26, with a cubic capacity of 2.6 cu. ft. and a shelf area of 5½ sq. ft. The door liner carries three shelves and an egg-rack, all detachable for cleaning. When the ice-cube tray is removed, one large or two small packages of frozen food may be stored. Available in an external finish of white or cream, and an interior colour scheme of white, ice-blue and gold. The red or blue working surfaced-TrayTop is an optional extra at 2 gns. Suitable for connecting to electric or gas mains, the total price of the L26 excluding TrayTop, is 47 gns.

● **Scorch marks:** Brasso sprinkled on to a soft, clean cloth and applied vigorously, will remove light scorch marks from highly polished surfaces. The effect of the heat produced by the friction of rubbing, coupled with the spirit content of the Brasso, will restore the surface. This does not apply to heavy scorch marks where the polished surface has been completely burned through.

● **Brush renovation:** To increase the life of your hand-brush, which tends to wear out most quickly at the nose end, saw off the handle, bore the opposite end to take a ¼-in. dowel and then glue the handle on. The bristles are now once more good at the nose end where they are most wanted. (Mr. T. E. Leary, Pontefract.)

● **Joints made easy:** Wolf Electric Tools, Ltd., have just brought a new Comb Jointer attachment on the market. This is to be used in conjunction with the No. 16 Jig Saw power unit (Cub, Quartermaster or Safetymaster) and either the Universal Saw Table, or the new Supa Power Saw Table. It is possible to vary the width of slot and spacing by multiples of 1/8 in. The maximum capacity when using hardwood and ply, is ½ in. and softwood ¾ in. It may also be used for cutting mitre joints. The Comb Jointer sells for 34s. 6d., by Wolf Electric Tools, Ltd., Pioneer Works, Hanger Lane, London, W.5.

● **Deck-chair cover:** When recovering deck-chairs, buy twice the usual length of material and put it on "roller towel" manner. The seam must be very strongly sewn. There are no nails to tear or to let you down with a bump, and worn portions can simply be rolled round out of sight. (Mrs. B. M. Panes, Bristol, 7.)

● **Paint spray:** Now available on the market is the new Press'n'paint aerosol paint spray, containing quick-drying enamel. A boon to the home decorator, this is being made in a range of ten colours. A 12-oz. container costs 11s. 9d. It is distributed through D. J. (Tipon), Ltd., 83 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

● **Peg pins:** Stitching binding to the edge of matting evenly can be a tricky job, and ordinary pins are too short to fix the binding in position. Solve this by pegging the binding in position with clothes pegs while you sew. (Mr. C. H. Wise, Hull.)

* * *

If you have a trouble-saving, money-saving household tip for this column, send it in to Roger Smithells, JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each tip published.

£1,500 PRIZES VALUE OVER

FOR FUN WITH WORDS

HERE'S another giant Bullets Contest for you to enjoy. Cheques and other rewards by the thousand, all headed by a super £800 2-in-1 First which can be yours for two, three or four words. Start on your Fun with Words now and post your £1,500-week coupon by Monday, February 9!

RUNNERS-UP AWARDS value over £700

£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, £5, £4.
10 of £3. 300 £1 Presentation Parcels.
2,600 other Prizes each with £1,000 Surprise
Up to 20 Thermos Brand Vacuum Jugs—see coupon

THIS WAY to THRILLING PRIZE
ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any EXAMPLE

HERE'S how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list on right. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

British Steel
When Things Look Black
The Nato Band
Blow For The Housewife
In The Supermarket
Different Today
Formula For Success
Saved Money
If The Balloon Goes Up
Top Scientist
Furious
A Perfect Combination
On The Motorway
Chirpy Little Robin
Just A Nuisance
It's Saturday Night, So
As Sure As Eggs Is Eggs
Embarrassing Moment
Our Black Cat
Less Than The Dust

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as usual.

Held Up The.....
.....Of Communism
Monkeying About With...
"Gee, You're.....!"
Counting On.....
The.....Of His Life

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality. 2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators. 3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 1s. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated March 7), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. 'Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, February 21, for early news of Bullets No. 2,178 First Prize Award.)

POST ENTRY: Bullets No. 2,178, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

WINNERS TO HELP YOU TO £800 PRIZE

£300 (or £750 plus "Gift-a-Day" Week if Tournament winner). Bullets No. 2,173: Mrs. S. Barnes, 59 Chestnut Avenue, Cowgate, Newcastle upon Tyne:

To Help Britain—"Soar"—*Small World Spirit!*

£25 T. A. Tennant, 82 Bonsall Road, Erdington, Birmingham: Might Make A Fashion—For Marianne, Britannia's "Overalls"!

£10 S. Low, 101 Victoria Road, Torry, Aberdeen: Design Drink—Turned "Prince" Into "Beast."

£9 W. H. Brockbank, "St. Alans," Spring Road, Lymington: Youth Has Its Fling, So—"Shutter" Your "Windows," Occasionally!

£8 W. H. Brockbank, "St. Alans," Spring Road, Lymington: As The Unn Meeting—Covering "New Ground"—*Space?*

£7 T. W. Jones, 2 Hollis Road, Stoke Green, Coventry: Shock For The Bandit—Only A *Scientists'* Pay-roll!

£6 N. Kitchingman, 68 Stamford Avenue, Blackpool: Might Make A Fiftieth — State? Second Siberia? — Moon?

£5 F. J. Black, 174 Silverleigh Road, Thornton Heath: Slaving Away—At Career—"Emancipated" Woman!

£5 W. H. Richards, 72 Heol Llan, North Cornelly, Pyle, Glam: Might Make A Molehill — Of "Mountain"—*Cheaper Coal!*

£5 J. Taylor, 13 Manor Road, Cuddington, Northwich: Star Of The Party — Granny — Remembered Some *Games!*

1,580 other Awards have also been posted. (Tournament winner will be announced in earliest possible JOHN BULL.)

£800 Bullets 2-in-1 1st PRIZE

FORTUNE plus "TELE-GRAM" or £750 lump sum

With your £850 First Prize CASH goes this 118-guinea EKCO "*Tele*-gram"—a combined TV, Radio and four-speed Record Player. PLUS long-playing Records to complete your £150 PRESENTATION!

17" TV, RADIO, RECORD PLAYER

EXAMPLE ..... 1s. PER "BULLET"

BULLET

EX.

B.

EX.

B.

EX.

B.

EX. ..... 5th BULLET FREE WITH 4 PAID

B.

VACUUM JUGS

A £2 6s. 3d. Thermos Brand Vacuum Jug goes to each of the top 20 prize-winners whose successful effort was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,178 Post not later than last collection on **MON., FEB. 9**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 1s. per Bullet or 4s. for complete coupon.

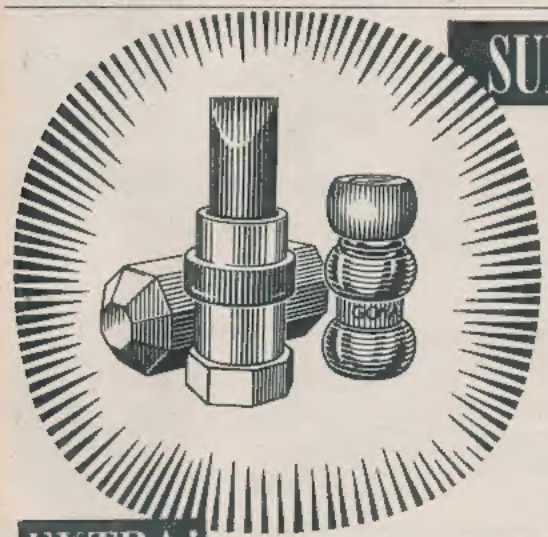
P.O. value ..... No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

BULLETS HELP
STICK 3d. STAMP here for four pages of practical help to success in Feb. 21 *Bulletin*! (For four issues send P.O. 1s.)

SUPERB DOUBLE BEAUTY OFFER!



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'Remember' Goya

PERFUME and LIPSTICK

AT A SPECIAL PRIVILEGE-PRICE

A dream of a beauty offer! A new and exquisite perfume called "Remember" from the famous house of Goya . . . plus new, exciting lipstick shade, "Pink Tangerine" (though you may choose the favourite "Forget-me-not" if you wish) . . . perfume and lipstick together for the wonderful privilege-price of 2/6d. post free. Also this week, how to save money by making your own bedspreads, curtains, chair covers; and 15 recipes for BISCUITS and COOKIES.

EXTRA! 6-PAGE SECTION

OUT FEB. 3—GET YOUR COPY EARLY!

ONLY 4D

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COSTS LESS—SAVES MORE

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... and FREE! With EVERY ORDER This lovely LAMP (Worth at least 30/-)

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A REALLY SENSATIONAL offer to *John Bull* readers! **Send only 5/-** (carriage) now, for one of Britain's biggest value bookcases delivered direct to your home AND, in addition, secure **absolutely FREE** a beautiful table lamp and shade. These fine bookcases are the greatest **double-guarantee** value ever offered to *John Bull* readers! Every model is **guaranteed by Odhams** to give **lifetime service!** Over **60,000** tributes from satisfied owners **prove** the astounding value. Every inch selected kiln-dried SOLID OAK except for laminated backs.

The beautiful FREE table lamp has a glazed pottery base in a rich burgundy red with matching braid on the handsome shade. Send your order now, enclosing **only 5/-.** Pay for your model ONLY WHEN YOU ARE SATISFIED that these superb bookcases are all that is claimed.

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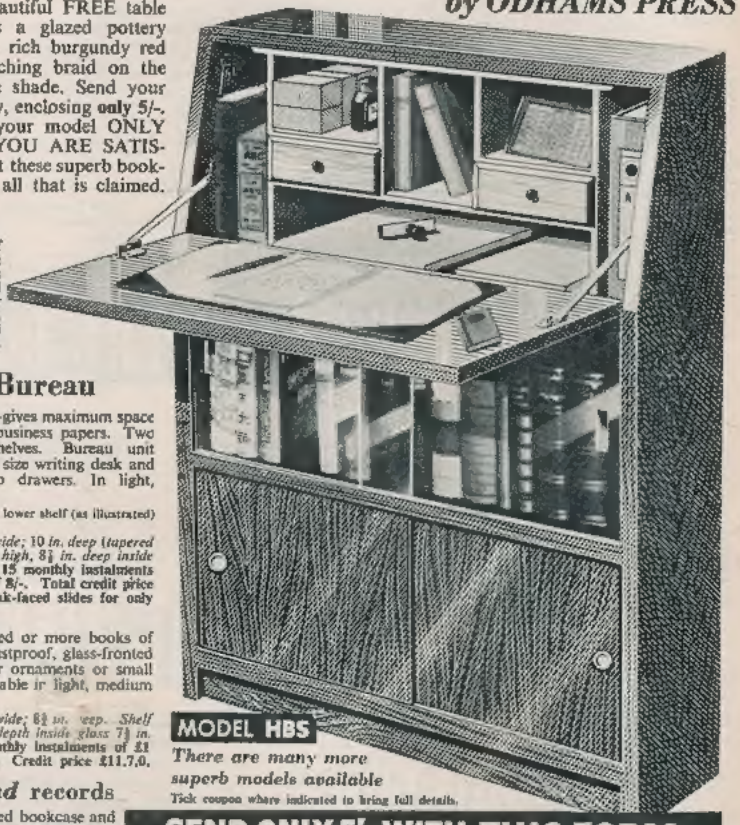


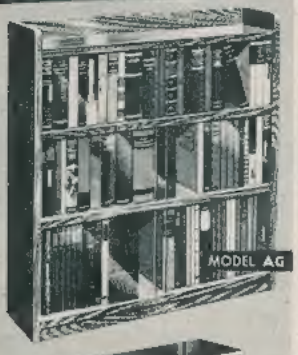
MODEL HBS

There are many more superb models available

Tick coupon where indicated to bring full details.

GENERAL SPECIFICATION

These bookcases are built of kiln-dried **solid oak** with inset laminated backs. All joints pinned and cement glued. Stained and wax polished. Separate pair of glass slides to each shelf. 32-oz. drawn glass, rounded edges, ground-in finger pulls.



MODEL AG

A Superb Bureau

Model HBS. Slope fronted—gives maximum space for housing household and business papers. Two extra-large glass-fronted* shelves. Bureau unit consists of a lockable, useful size writing desk and six compartments with two drawers. In light, medium or dark oak.

*You may have oak-faced slides on lower shelf (as illustrated) instead of glass.

Dimensions: 39 *in. high;* 30 *in. wide;* 10 *in. deep (tapered to 7 in. at top). Shelves* 11½ *in. high,* 8½ *in. deep inside slides.* **Cash price £14.13.0, or 15 monthly instalments of £1 and one final instalment of 8/-. Total credit price £15.8.0. Also available with oak-faced slides for only 16/- extra (cash).**

MODEL RC

Model AG. Holds a hundred or more books of varying size in three deep, dustproof, glass-fronted shelves. Top tier is ideal for ornaments or small articles in constant use. Available in light, medium or dark oak.

Dimensions: 36 *in. high;* 36 *in. wide;* 8½ *in. deep. Shelf heights:* 10½ *in.,* 9½ *in.,* 8½ *in.; depth inside glass* 7½ *in.* **Cash price £10.16.0, or 11 monthly instalments of £1 and one final instalment of 7/-. Credit price £11.7.0.**

For your books *and* records

Model RC. Beautiful combined bookcase and Record Cabinet designed in contemporary style. Record compartment is fronted with two slides of **modern fluted** glass, and will house over **200** 7 in., 10 in., or 12 in. records: divided into **6** sections by removable partitions. Bookshelf has sloping front with two slides of crystal-clear glass.

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MODEL AGC

Model AGC. Attractive modern flush-top bookcase with legs in the popular modern style. It has three capacious glass-fronted shelves and combines beauty with functional design.

Dimensions: 39½ *in. high;* 36 *in. wide;* 8½ *in. deep. Shelf heights as AG above left. Height of legs* 8 *in.* **Cash price £11.6.0, or 11 monthly instalments of £1 and one final instalment of 17/6. Credit price £11.17.6.**

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Tick in panel against shade of oak required.

	Light	Medium	Dark
HBS			
HBS (O.F. slides)			
AG			
RC			
AGC			

Please send me details of the full "Solida" range... Tick here ☐

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